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AARON M. POWELL, *Editor.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Special Editorial Contributor.*

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THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

EVENING SESSION.

THE meeting was called to order by WENDELL PHILLIPS, President of the Society.

After the singing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," Mr. Phillips stated that it had been expected that Miss Dickinson would first address the meeting; but as she had not yet arrived, he would open the meeting and leave the platform upon her arrival. Soon after he commenced, Miss Dickinson entered the hall and was greeted with applause. Mr. Phillips paused; but learning that she preferred to wait, he resumed his speech.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

This is now the thirtieth Anniversary which I have come to New York, or to some neighboring city, to attend, in the service of the American Anti-Slavery Society. It is thirty years since I first pledged myself to the principles embodied in the Constitution of this Society. I did it rather from impulse than from any distinct understanding of the great and broad principle at the root of our movement. I pronounced the shibboleth of the Society with the buoyant enthusiasm which young men usually entertain towards such questions—confident of a large reserve of strength and a lavish amount of opportunity, so that we can throw away any quantity upon any movement we chance to fancy. I was then, like most Americans, perfectly ignorant of what slavery was, or how strong the slave system itself was. I had been brought up, as most Americans are, in an unqualified admiration and acceptance of the great Republic, and a believer in the eulogistic tone in which our institutions were both criticized and admired. I was a hero-worshipper—hardly anything else. Like the men of that day, especially in New England, I regarded Webster as a great statesman, and almost an orator; and from afar off I worshipped Henry Clay as the great American orator and almost a statesman. (Laughter and applause.) For the church I had been bred to an unmixed and unlimited respect. I supposed that under its altars was enshrined all American virtue, and that almost all that was good in our institutions had grown up under its influence. I had no idea—not the slightest—of the life-long battle, of the great deeply-anchored evil which we were encountering.

The mobs of 1835 and of the years which immediately followed it, the great denial, for many years, of the right of petition startled me for a moment out of this blind admiration for democratic institutions. They were phenomena for which I could not account. A lawyer, bred in all the technical reliance on the safeguards of Saxon liberty, I was puzzled, rather than astounded, by the fact that, outside of the law and wholly unrecognized in the theory of our institutions, was a mob power—an abnormal element which nobody had counted in, in the analysis of the system, and for whose irregular actions no check, no balance, had been provided. The gun which was aimed at the breast of Lovejoy on the banks of the Mississippi brought me to my feet, conscious that I stood in the presence of a power whose motto was Victory or Death. Then, for the first time, I think Abolitionists began to realize the death-grapple into which they had unthinkingly been drawn—at least I did. But still, for a long time, we "saw men as trees walking." We still put slavery off at a distance. We saw the trunk of the tree growing out of Southern soil, without the slightest conception that its broad-reaching roots, its innumerable fibres penetrated every altar of New England—that the miasma of its poisonous branches benumbed conscience and stifled intellect; that the call of its syren voice, like that of Calypso, turned politician and statesman alike into brutes, glad to do its bidding. I am describing the actual condition of one honest Abolitionist, at least, in those early days.

It was a long, long time—many, many an experience passed over my head before I could realize that slavery, like the aristocratic element in England, like the Catholic element in Italy, had poisoned everything it touched—that there was no inch of ground, moral, intellectual, political, where the flag floated that was not glad to do it obeisance. It was a long, long time before I began to learn that the poet sang only of its praises; that the merchant, with instinctive sagacity, shrank from disturbing its quietude; that the historian molded his record, and the churchman interpreted his New Testament, only to save its character. No matter where the Ithuriel spear of the Anti-Slavery movement touched the American people, it started up the same fiend. No matter how varied the masks that played all the several parts—now calling itself Literature and now Religion, now History and now Politics, now Trade, and now Fashion; when we tore off the mask the same hideous features were behind it—a sneering and gibbering spectre. This was America. Ten, twenty, thirty years in the thick of the fight, revealed the depth of the disease, the wide extent of the cancer. We were called harsh critics; we only told the truth. We were called uncharitable speakers; we only quoted what men had been proud to say. We put on record without word or comment the pledge of some great statesmen, and when he looked at it in the cold light of his own retirement, or through the eyes of his friends, he shrank back and said, "That is not I!"

You know the rest of the history. After this long battle, after this dread experience, after this breaking up of all the fond dreams of a real enthusiastic believer in American State and American Church, when we were brought face to face at last with the actual fiend itself; when, flinging aside all disguises, trampling under foot all pleasant terms, denying the North all the pretenses under which timid politics and an expedient church had hidden themselves, slavery revealed at last the gigantic rebel—then we could look back and see that the struggling, halting, almost unconscious effort of the Anti-Slavery body had measurably prepared the North to understand, at least, the struggle to which it was summoned. It was the bugle-call of Lovejoy in the valley of the Mississippi, answered back by the trumpet-notes of John Brown in the valley of the Shenandoah, that marshalled up the Northern people to the last great struggle with slavery itself, in which they conquered. (Applause.)

Now we stand with the cannonading over. Men tell us to take off our armor, to sit down and enjoy the leisure which victory has given us—to be content, because this generation has done enough, because out of the battle-fields of these seven years there will be harvest sufficient for the ambition of any one generation. I look at it differently. I am not only an Abolitionist, I am an American. I am not only pledged and devoted against the system of slavery as the virus of republican institutions on this continent, but I have an interest as broad as the fate of humanity—I have an anxiety and an interest in all the great questions which concern the people to whom the continent belongs. Looming around us and over us as we advance are large, momentous issues—enough for our future, and for the next generation. Foremost before us stands the question of Temperance—the groundwork and substratum—indispensable to the security of republican institutions. Whoever ignores the temperance cause as a local, transient, superficial, sentimental cause, does not understand either his times or the institutions mid which he lives. We have a ballot-box resting on the virtue and intelligence of the masses. You cannot have a ballot-box resting on a drunken people. (Applause.) It is impossible to trust republican institutions to a mass of men who have not any control over themselves. (Applause.) We are a nation of Saxon blood. Living in every atom of that blood is the love of stimulus. We are a race all aglow with the love of physical stimulus. We live in a climate, in a range of latitude, where the temptation is the indulgence of that appetite. The tropics have their vices, the temperate zones have theirs. Added to that, we have a blood which, in its earliest record, formed its heaven out of its highest aspirations, and this heaven was a drunken revel out of the skulls of its enemies. Revenge and intoxication were the ideas which Saxon blood placed on each side of its deity. Now, with such a climate and with such a race, the institutions of the nineteenth century have made the wages of labor so large and the ingenuity of science so acute that for a day's work a man can be drunk a week. Given such a temperature, such a blood, and such an opportunity, the man who does not see in the movement to put the American people, as a mass, above the control of its appetite, the security of republican institutions, is as blind to the present as I was in 1837 to the condition of this country. Why, it was the turn of a die on which the most sanguine man would not have dared to prophesy the result in 1861, whether one prominent demagogue should take this city and the Empire State out of the North into the Confederacy, and you know, every one of you, that if Fernando Wood had put New York under the banner of Jefferson Davis, it would have been because the grog-shops of this city ruled the Empire State. (Applause.) It is not amiss to touch on a question like this, when a dozen times within three years the doors of the Senate, the highest, most dignified body of the world, have been closed only in order—under a pretense of Executive Session—to shield the drunkenness of its members from the criticism of the public. (Hear, hear.) It is not amiss in a moment like this, when the galleries of the Senate have been filled night after night until midnight, by the wives of members, who were afraid to trust their husbands alone, drunken, and besotted, in the midnight of a Washington street. (Sensation.) No, looming over the future is the great question of the sobriety of the people.

Side by side with it stands another of the momentous questions of the hour—woman's position in political affairs (applause), the great, unique, characteristic question of the nineteenth century, the last protest against the injustice of one-half of the human race, woman's position, politically. Behind it, of still more immediate, disastrous moment, stand the relation of capital and labor, consolidating the seeming feud betwixt labor and capital, putting the American laborer where he belongs, in a condition and on a level of substantial freedom, when his labor is only capital, when his time is only capital, and can be sold in the best market under the best rules of political economy; co-operating without any feud betwixt him and his natural ally, but moving harmoniously together to a development unheard of in its extent, of the material prosperity of the country, and far above and beyond it the laborer lifted to a man intellectually, with leisure for the full development of all his nature, morally and intellectually.

Now, for one, I see ample toil for the rest of our years, and for the next generation, in the settlement of these great questions. In America brains always rule in the long run. To the credit of our institutions be it said, nothing but brains ever rule. You cannot bully this community. If any power had been able to bully it into silence, the Slave Power could have done it. The American people cannot be coerced into silence or submission; they must be convinced. They have reached that level of intellectual life which must have argument and fact—a reason furnished them for every step. It is necessary, therefore, that an untrammeled press and a purified pulpit, with the vigilant watch of disinterested men outside of both, the balance-wheel, the safety-valve, the great check of republican institutions—this outside virtue should all be left free and disengaged for these great questions. For one, therefore—excuse me for this long digression—I am for leaving no stone unturned, no effort untried, no word unspoken, that will take forever and entirely out of American politics the question of race. (Applause.) Never hereafter shall the angry feud between sections, or the angrier feud still between races, be opened in American politics. From the great lakes down to the gulf, from the Atlantic back to the Pacific, we will clean out both Court and Legislature, both college and literature, that there shall be no possibility of the blind eyes of justice being able to distinguish a white man from a black man. (Applause.) That is my interest of the present hour.

I know chattel slavery has been abolished; I know the slave has got the title-deed to his house; I know that in one-half of the Union, many shackles have fallen off, and great opportunities have been opened to the black man, but I know also that before his harvest is actually garnered, before these rights are actually riveted into the substance of the Constitution and of the national life, it is necessary that the community itself, North and South, should not only stupidly accept but intelligently receive, and in all the customs of life, political, and social, actually embody the new spirit. You cannot graft into one civilization the institutions of another. You might as well undertake to put one man's arm on another man's body. For instance, take the jury trial. Growing out of all the circumstances and the entire fabric of the Saxon race, beginning in the cradle, it is part of the blood. Analyze a genuine Saxon from the German forest, and you will find twelve men and a jury down at the bottom of his heart. It is true, as Erskine said, that the total end of the three elements of the English Constitution was twelve honest men in the box. It is not only the type but the actual inspiration of the whole English government—the jury; and it was well said by that statesman-like man, Daniel O'Connell, when he was pleading the cause of the Catholics: "Sir, I will be content when you give us an independent jury and the ballot." It was the beginning and the end, the Alpha and Omega of the Englishman's liberty. Well, about fifty years ago, the French government undertook to ingraft into the French law the jury trial. Before that, under the civil law of the continent, a prisoner had been placed at the table and cross-examined as to every incident of his life and all the circumstances connected with the alleged crime, and after being a hundred times cross-examined and submitted to the torture of a criticism daily for a year, the Judge put the conflicting statements together and made out his opinion as to whether the man was innocent or guilty, noting his pallor or his redness, his affright or his patience, his excitement or his composure as parts of the evidence. When I was in France in 1841, I happened to be present at a great trial—a woman had poisoned her husband. On the trial the Procurer of the King, what is called the State's Attorney here, was trying the case. He would put a witness on the stand and examine him, and a bit of evidence, perhaps a statement, an item, or a fact would appear very discreditable to the prisoner, perhaps fatal to her assertion of innocence, which, had it come out in a British court, the attorney for the crown, or in an American court, the prosecuting attorney would have simply turned to the Judge and said, "Will your Honor note that fact;" or to the jury and said, "Mr. Foreman, will you bear in mind that statement;" and it would have been all he had a right to do; but the French Attorney-General would turn to the lady sitting at the bar, and exclaim: "Wretch, do you not grow pale under such a charge; look at her, gentlemen of the jury, don't she blush?" and thus subjected her to this inquisition, endeavoring to make her tremble and grow pale under the terrible charge made against her. He made it an item in his evidence. The simple reason was that you could not make a Frenchman comprehend a jury trial, and you will not until 1967 (laughter and applause), because it lies like a piece of alien metal on the common soil of his daily life; it does not belong there. It is just so with freedom introduced at the South; it is just so with the absolute equality of the black introduced anywhere. It does not belong to American life, it does not fit anything anywhere, it does not dove-tail with anything, it does not belong to us. We throw it off the moment we are left alone, as something we picked up and do not wish to retain. It is not a tree that grows out of the landscape and is part of it, and you could not move it without disturbing the whole picture, but it is a bran-new house, white and green, that seems to have come out to spend the afternoon. (Laughter.)

You cannot expect, therefore, in a moment to naturalize this great change. It must be done gradually. In the philosophy of human nature it must be. You cannot expect to set up at Washington, and by a cunningly devised parchment, written with great acuteness and learning, to make over the whole opinions and customs of ten States. It cannot be done. What is the ideal? Do not be dragged down to the level of availability yet. The first thing to consult in arranging statesmanship is the ideal, then afterward if you cannot reach it be content with the possible; but always shape for yourself the ideal—the perfect. Remember when you sell out to sell out for as much as you can get.

MR. JAMES MOTT—And grumble because you can't get more. (Laughter.)

MR. PHILLIPS—Yes, grumble because you can't get more; that is a Saxon and a Yankee right. You see it is not the trading I object to altogether, but I want to get a good trade. (Laughter.) Webster sold us out for nothing. If Lincoln's party had come into power and no war had intervened, he would have sold us out for a shadow; the Territorial exclusion of slavery. The danger of to-day is that the Republican party having flung aside primarily the protection of freedom in the South, will devote itself, for the next two years, to the simple preservation of party domination. It may sell us out for a name, for the nominal triumph of the Republican party, and when we grasp the name there will be nothing in it. We have come to that time when the great political chiefs have but one anxiety, and that is not the selfish preservation of their place, not the narrow ambition merely that they shall be Senators, and that another man shall be this or the other thing, but that the great party in which they believe shall maintain possession of the government, and not be divorced from it. Now, I have the same anxiety. I believe, that while that idea that carried us through the war holds on to the government we are safe, and when that idea is divorced from the government we do not know where we shall float. Put an unredeemed Democrat at the head of the government, and we have lost 60 per cent. of the war. Put a half and half man with no ideas, like Gen. Grant, and we shall lose 50 per cent. (Hisses and applause.) Put a huckstering trader like Fessenden or Sherman, and we shall lose 70 per cent. (Loud hisses and cheers.) Well, now, I note that hiss. I am not unprepared for it. The merit of this platform in times past is that it called a spade a spade; it did not call a spade an agricultural implement. (Laughter.) It did not undertake in kindly phrases to wrap up hideous truths. It spoke them right out in plain Saxon words that were half battles. Now, the great merit and the only strength of the American abolition movement was that it dared to give things their true names, if it had no other merit. The background of all our strength—the fulcrum upon which we planted our lever—was the conscience of the American people. We said to them: "It is a sin; no matter what doctors of divinity cover it up with; no matter though the politician read it from the parchment of the Constitution; the eye of God sees nothing but the human soul bartering its conscience for gain, and that is sin." When Webster was in his grave, and when the American church had shrunk from the conflict, the people at Gettysburg, at Atlanta, and out of the depths of agony at Andersonville, said "Amen, that is God's truth; it was a sin." Would to God the childless mother had known it before she was obliged to give up her first-born. Would that the orphan had known it before his father had left him undefended in this evil world. To-day this same great responsibility rests upon us to call things by their true names. The politician, dwelling in availability, does not profess that he adheres to absolute justice. He confesses, proclaims, boasts, that he trims down the right in order to be available; but he makes the edge of his axe as absolutely sharp as he can, and hews away, as far as he can, every irreconcilable inequality, in order that he may strike as far as he can into wickedness and oppression. If he announces that as the rule of his life, the ideal of his action, why should not I say it? I am not his libeler. A spade is a spade, and it is no discredit to it call it a spade. I need not call it a chronometer.

When the most successful politician of our day, so far as office is concerned, has said to a friend within ten years, "I have never dared to utter my whole thoughts since I was 25 years old," he was only stating what is the necessary limitation of the politician's life. He did not profess that it was his object to create opinion. He only endeavored to stereotype into statutes accepted opinion. I do not libel him. And when he added in the same breath, "Personally I am an Episcopalian, but politically I am a Methodist," I do not libel him, and it was not my fault if he saw himself as he really was. That is a politician, and the world is full of them. The Republican party, and the Senate, and the House, not necessarily to their discredit, but to their limitation, are to-day drawn into the great maelstrom of their Presidential election that levels every American to the dead level of one single purpose, which is to carry his party at the polls, no matter how much truth he conceals or how many equivocal phrases he utters. I acknowledge that necessity. I know just as well as Henry Wilson does to-day that there is no hope for the people politically at the present moment, but in the triumph of the Republican party. There is no other boat. A man might as well have attempted in Noah's day to go to work and build another ark as to attempt to-day to start any other political movement than that. But when I stand with thirty such years as I have described behind me, with a whole life honestly given to the endeavor to root out every fibre of this virus and wrest it from the American Constitution, when I see men, no matter with what honesty of purpose, sacrificing glorious opportunity merely to secure party supremacy, shall I stand silent? Why should not I do the same thing that has been done for thirty years—stand outside and say to the people, "That is not the duty of the present hour; we are capable of something more; we can reap a heavier harvest than that; we can secure a greater result?"

Henry Wilson and the set of trimmers of which he leads the advance guard, have no hatred for the negro, no desire to compromise, no absolute wish or desire to baulk us. If we can only rally and marshal and count up a public opinion that will demand all that the hour requires, they will obey. They only say, as William H. Seward once said, when I was introduced to him in this very city in your Supreme Court, alluding to some remarks I had made the day before on this omnipotence of public opinion: "That is a good speech; you go on and manufacture public opinion, and I will use it as fast as you will make it." The Republican party stands just there to-day. They will use public opinion just as fast as we will manufacture it. They do not want anything better. Manufacture public opinion enough so that Henry Wilson would not dare to return to Massachusetts with his present record, and the whole Senate would mount up like balloons, every one of them, to the level of Charles Sumner. (Laughter.) But the Republican party sends down Henry Wilson to the South with a sugary message that means nothing, or a milk and water statesmanship that amounts to nothing, and then sends Judge Kelley to correct it. I do not object to this policy, and I do not criticize the statesmanship, if they call it statesmanship. I only want that if we sell out, we shall sell in the dearest market, and get the best price. If I cannot get the whole that I ask for, I want to get as much as I can. And therefore, while the iron is hot, I strike. Until November, 1868, comes, I labor on every man's conscience that will lend me his ears for an hour; and I endeavor to impress upon him the absolute truth that if he loves that child in the cradle, and would smooth its path in the future, and relieve it from threatened danger, he must guard it with his own sacrifices, and his own devotion to duty, and that by supreme disregard to everything he betrays duty to-day. We leave that cradle hard tasks enough in the common struggle and daily sacrifices of life. Three thousand millions of dollars mortgaging every right hand, and half a million patriot lives hidden in early graves, are enough to give for one political step. God grant that every political step we take may not necessarily be purchased at such a price! Why should not we look forward, all of us, to the ideal of a people able to take an evil in their right hands and to correct it without going through the dread ordeal of the battle-field? Why should we wipe out every error and every mistake in blood? If republicanism means anything, it means a people educated to that level and to that idea of responsibility that they can take up an evil and deal with it conscientiously. The Czar of Russia, standing with his face toward the future, is led by the inspiration of the nineteenth century to break millions of chains. The Emperor of Brazil follows his illustrious example. Driven by no terrible necessity of civil war, with no pathway covered with the blood of hundreds of thousands of subjects, in the quiet counsels of the imperial will, Brazil and Russia strike off the fetters. And shall that be true of aristocratic Empires, and shall it not be possible with a great Republic? In the rottenness of Europe and the decrepitude of Brazil, shall that virtue be attainable which the American people can be whipped into only by the scorpions of war? Do not let us leave that record against democracy longer.

We know every one of us that there is but one great ideal of reconstruction in accordance with the spirit of the nineteenth century. We have our hands upon the jugular vein of this Southern oligarchy. We can strangle it utterly if we will. There are only two wills upon this continent. One is that of the people, and the other that of the trading politicians. The voice of the people, heard from Maine to Iowa last November, is that the millions, the honest, earnest, bleeding, stricken, agonizing, weeping millions, have got our hands at last on this oligarchy, and by the blessing of God we will strangle it before we let go. When we have the people behind us, we ought not to be contented with an abstract political right, with the mere assertion of a privilege. My idea of reconstruction is seven years of territorial government in peace. There are no States in the South; there is no capacity for forming States there; there is no material from which to create them. The only public opinion sufficient for the purpose is the public opinion of the North. You can trust these Southern States only through the police power of the nation, acting, as Mr. Durant suggested this morning, through civil administration. I would have the South filled with the civil officers of the nation, executing justice between man and man, and with the bayonet behind them. I would have the government in earnest in this thing. Cassius M. Clay said to me fifteen years ago, "Give me a Federal government in earnest to abolish slavery, and to turn the patronage of the government into that channel, and slavery will disappear from this continent in five years." The same thing is true to-day; but we have not got such a government. We have got such a people, but not such a government. Look at it. Who moves when the people speak? Who goes to Congress, independent of party? Who leaps forward, and the people say Amen, and break through all party trammels; and all organizations sink like dust before him? Who enters the arena and says, "I am a candidate," and, like the birds of night, every other politician shrinks away from the encounter? Ben. Butler. (Applause.) No matter what he is—no matter what his honesty may be, for this illustration. The people believe him to represent absolute, unqualified, unlimited purpose to put an end to the last vestige of slavery. That is the idea. No matter whether he intends it. No matter what the future may reveal. To-day he is taken for that; and that is the counter he represents. It may be that, as in former times, the paper currency of profession will not be redeemed by the gold of practice. I am not certain. But that has nothing to do with the illustration. He represents that. And when he said in the State of Massachusetts that he would like to go to Congress, the gathering of the voters in the County of Essex was like a flock of birds; nobody else wanted to be a candidate; and the only difficulty was to get the men to count the votes. Political organizations had gone up.

That is the way the people speak; but how does the government speak? I said this morning that the Senate traded. I do not so much find fault with their trading as with what they trade for. Whom do they trade into office? Old Phelps of Vermont, the man who quoted Isaiah and the Declaration of Independence in the neighborhood of New Orleans? or the old fanatical General who redeemed West Point? Did any Senator attempt to trade Fremont into office? Never. Or did any Senator attempt to trade into office Gen. Paine of Monmouth, Illinois, who was turned out of office because Gen. Grant would not allow the people of Kentucky to be annoyed by him? Never. But they trade in Rousseau, the man that disgraced the Capitol by striking a fellow-member, but was born in Kentucky; and they trade in Meredith, the man that struck Julian for words spoken in debate. All the trading is for representatives of pro-slavery, and not for liberty. I do not object wholly and exclusively to the Senate's trading; but I take exception to the merchandise, that they do not buy us honest goods.

What I say, therefore, to the American people is, that we want absolute control over the Southern territory until the seeds are planted. I want the nineteenth century carried down there. What the South rebelled against was the nineteenth century. She rebelled to bar out the nineteenth century, with all its ideas. From Texas to Maryland, from Florida to St. Louis, there is but one voice, to bar out the Yankee. What do they mean by the Yankee? The men with the spelling-books; the men with the largest brains. Emerson says that the true Yankee carries twice as much brains in his hand as other men in their skulls. They rebelled against the ideas of manhood. That is what she fears. Therefore she is to be covered with an avalanche of spelling-books. She is to be inoculated with the ideas of the nineteenth century, until her own are neutralized. What is it that distinguishes the nineteenth century from the middle ages? It is capital and lands, ideas and equal manhood in the masses. These are the four elements that distinguish it. The middle ages were poor, while we have capital; they were ignorant, while we have ideas; they were an oligarchy, counties owned by one man, while we have crumbled them up into farms. They gave no man a vote, while we have given the masses the ballot. We wish to send the Nineteenth Century down South; that is all.

But men say, if you don't trade now, you will lose it. I was in Iowa last month, and stopped in a little town just on the edge Missouri, looking down from the lofty knoll on which the church stood into the State of Missouri, and there they told me this story. At the outbreak of the war, the news came to this village that the Missourians, 1,500 strong, were crossing the boundary, to impress every horse, shoot every man, and burn every decent farm-house. The whole town rushed together, and there were but 100 muskets and 100 shot guns. What shall we do? they said. One young man said, "What can 100 shot guns do against 1,500 men? There is nothing for us to do but to surrender." But one old man stood up and said, "My boys, you can surrender any time; fight first." So I say to the Abolitionists to-day. "You can surrender at any time; fight first." (Applause.)

SPEECH OF ANNA E. DICKINSON.

Miss ANNA E. DICKINSON was introduced and greeted with hearty applause. She said:

I recognize full well the difficulty under which any one must labor in addressing any audience after the eloquent lips which have just closed,—the almost impossibility of finding standing-place upon ground already thoroughly covered,—the idleness of adding any weak word to these strong and majestic ones;—

> "The puny leverage of a hair
> The planet's impulse well may spare;
> A drop of dew, the tided sea."

Still I have my weak word to speak, and I trust you will listen to it—patiently.

No one in this day needs to be told the truth of the statement that a party must fight or surrender. In the case of the great party of the Republic the events of the last six years have pre-eminently proven that for it at any time to have turned back was to face death; to stand still, a certain disintegration; to go forward was to scale height after height of victory, liberty, and power.

Were the work of the Republican party finished, what a sublime record would its story be! How many wrongs righted! how many chains broken! what shame washed white with blood!—society transformed—justice for oppression—Democracy for despotism—the slave a man—the man a citizen—and through all this the humanity that worked it shining, with courage and honor irradiating it as never before in the annals of Time.

So much done, great, marvellous; but it is not enough. So much done, but more remains behind. This party has decreed Liberty! Now let it see that Liberty be established. It has declared for Democracy! Let it see that Democracy endures. It fought for a Republic! Let it see that a perfect work be accomplished and remain.

It has oftentimes been charged upon this party that what it has done for justice and freedom it has done to save itself; to retain power: that it advanced under compulsion; that it avenged the black man, not because it feared God nor regarded man, but because he troubled it. To-day the opportunity is offered it of sublimely refuting this charge and putting it at rest forever. The march of events has brought us to the point at which it can no longer be said—This is a military necessity, a governmental expedience; but—This is a matter of abstract right and wrong; a protection of humanity for the sake of right, of manhood for the sake of justice.

Either the Republican party must proclaim as its watchword Universal Liberty and Impartial Suffrage, and win: or it must repudiate them, and die. And repudiation can be as successfully accomplished by silence as by noise of words.

An Oriental legend tells us that a poor man once sat for a thousand years before the gates of Paradise waiting for them to open that he might behold the glories they would disclose. Overwearied, at the end of a thousand years he snatched a single hour of sleep, and wakened but to see the gates of pearl swing to. So this Republican party, after bearing the burthen and heat of the day, after the sweat and blood of its march, after its heroic struggles, its sublime fighting, its unparalleled victories, if it pause now, if it sleep upon its arms, with the last great height unscaled, will but waken to find that the treacherous ground has slipped from beneath it, and that it lies, not near the summit, but at the base.

Before a certain great battle the French officers engaged therein exclaimed to their adversaries—"Gentlemen, if you please, fire first!" To-day, with the black man deprived of his rights in almost every Northern State we are repeating this air of bravado to the South; and, looking at it from the most narrow and selfish standpoint. We cannot afford it. The whole history of the past up, to the firing of the first gun upon Sumter, proves the leaders of the South to have been more astute than ours, her statesmen keener, her politicians shrewder than the shrewdest Yankees. Beaten in a fair fight with guns and swords, they have returned to diplomacy. Let us see that the past be not repeated. Every paper, North or South, tells us of the affiliation of the old masters with their slaves; of the speeches made, the efforts put forth by these sometime tyrants to induce their victims to become their comrades in arms—against what? against the power which broke the pride of the one and established the rights of the other.

Will the black man be induced to enter this strange partnership for his own destruction? Not impossible. As the State-prisoners of Venice, brought, after many years, from the thick gloom of their dungeons into the free air and broad sunlight of the great Square of St. Mark, were stricken blind,—so it would not be strange if these people, leaping suddenly from the night of Slavery into the great blaze of the sun of Liberty, should but see men as trees walking, and, with their imperfect vision, should be unable to descry friend from foe. It is one of the marvels of the age that these ex-masters are still the aristocrats of the South; that by wealth, social position, power, they are in condition to hold and wield influence with this element or any other; among the marvels of the age, that men who assisted in and consented to this bloody and unparalleled crime of armed rebellion, should continue to exert any power for the maintenance of rights a thousand times forfeited—first by perjury, and then by overwhelming defeat on the field of battle; a marvel, yet a fact! and to be dealt with accordingly.

True, their past stands to damn them. If they cover one spot it is but to uncover another. If they hide one shame it is by revealing another. Like the stain on the key, in the story of Bluebeard, which rubbed out on the one side instantly appeared on the opposite. Yet it is equally true that our hands are putting upon them an armor which will shield their wounds, and are thrusting into their grasp a lance which they can use to our own destruction.

De Tocqueville somewhere well says, "A proposition must be plain to be adopted by the understanding of a people. A false notion which is clear and precise, will always meet with a greater number of adherents in the world, than a true principle which is obscure and involved." So long as Governor Orr can say, as he did a few days since in Charleston to the blacks gathered before him,—"We are your friends; the Republicans, who profess to be, deny the rights of your brethren all over the North, and in Ohio, New Jersey, Michigan, have just refused the ballot to the hands that wielded the bayonet by your side;—so long as an ignorant black soldier in the South can be honestly informed that the Republican party refuses to permit a black soldier in the North to walk to the polls, so long will he be confused in both thought and action.

The men with whom we have to deal are capable of everything and something worse. "They are as wise as serpents"—here the quotation in regard to them must end. We say now with the arrogance of strength—What have we to fear from them? Much! They are not so weak—they *should* be like the lions before Solomon's throne of ivory and gold, with bent heads and drooping tails in the humiliated attitude befitting brute force before justice,—but they are not;—even if they were weaker we would have much to fear. An Indian fable tells us that the god Brahma once inquired of the spirit of Power,—"What is stronger than thee?"—"Cunning!" was the answer. "What could not the lion do, if he were the monkey also?" inquires a Chinese proverb. In strength we surpass,—in craftiness we fall infinitely below them. They will be quick and keen to see the flaws in our armor. Nothing is superficial to a deep observer. "In what part of that letter," said a king to the wisest of living diplomatists, "did you discover irresolution?" "In its n's and g's" was the reply. If we believe in justice for the beauty of justice, in liberty for its own sweet sake, then are we armed in complete steel. If not,—if we are but using justice and liberty to gain and hold power,—then though we wear the helmet and breast-plate, shield and buckler, of black soldiers and Emancipation proclamations, we have still the vulnerable spot—the Achilles' heel—through which we may be stabbed to death. "My son!" said a French king, in giving him certain maxims, "for successful governing you must seem to love your people." "How shall *I seem* to love them?" inquired the boy. "My son, you must love them"—was the response. This Republican party must seem to love justice and truth by loving them, and no man will be deceived in regard to it.

The work of disintegration may not be an immediate one. This organization has vast majorities, a broad margin to work upon; it may yet grasp and hold power; but when a party in any test struggle repudiate, or ignores the spirit that made it, that party is dying at its core and from its roots, and a sepulchre awaits it. The history of the Republic has well demonstrated this fact. The men who formed it tolerated slavery, yet loved freedom, and trusted that they who followed would destroy the letter of wrong by the spirit of right—the spirit which made us a government. Year by year the spirit sickened and died! Our flag was upon every water, our ships in every port; we added State to State; the nations bowed as we passed by; and we said, in the pride of iniquity—the *letter* is sufficient! And behind us, stride for stride, moved with his awful, even pace—Time the Avenger. Be not deceived; God is not mocked.

There are in our midst the timid and the time-serving; the men who would take precautions against too much success—who would furnish the revolution with a skylight. There are men who have joined it for gain, caring and *knowing* nought of the sublimity of its cause; men who remind one of the mole, when he exclaims, "How they excite my pity with their prate about a sun!" men who so love the good that they would embrace the evil in its behalf, and pray with the Spanish emperor, "May God do, and Satan not undo!" I say let us bow to the Deity, and give the devil a kick whenever we have the opportunity. There is but one way for the Right to go—that is straight ahead. Let us not forget whilst we question, inspect, discuss, we ourselves are under the eye of the world, and shall in turn be discussed, be judged.

Which brings me to say that I am not thus speaking because this is my party. One political organization, merely as such, is no more to me than another; but because this party holds in its circle the wisest, the justest, the greatest, the most humane souls the age affords; because its name is synonymous with the Republic; because it stands with four millions of broken fetters in its hands, with chains and scourges—emblems of despotism—under its feet; because it numbers in its muster-roll three hundred thousand heroic dead—dead that liberty may endure.

Let us not forget these silent members of the organization. Above all, let us not ignore the fact that in their midst are those who died for a country that still denies the rights of manhood to the comrades and friends they left behind. Two years ago I stood in the nation's capital and watched the mighty army of the Republic move past. They were gathered from the North, South, East, the West—they were gathered from every class and condition of life; they came from camp, from exposure, from a thousand stormy battle scenes. The air was rent with the shouts of the grateful people they had saved. As I looked I thought of Wagner, but I saw no black soldier therefrom carrying the uniform of the Republic; I thought of Olustee, Island No. 10, Petersburg; but I saw no black hands carrying rifles, though many bearing spades; and so thinking, I lifted my eyes and saw above this army, solemnly marching in the air, *another* army. They, too, had come from the North, from the South, the East, and the West. They too had borne fatigue and exposure, and had been sped into the great eternities from a thousand stormy battle scenes. Above the *heroes* of the Republic moved the *martyrs* of the Republic. Each division was complete—part on the ground, part in the air; but in the midst of this marshalled host of the sky were multitudes of sorrowful black faces who looked vainly for their divisions—vainly for the comrades in arms they had left behind. And witnessing this sight, I turned away from the magnificent pageant moving before me, and cried aloud in very bitterness of soul over the injustice and shame of my country.

We appear to forget in saying that the black man has been compensated for his services, that black soldiers went from the North as well as from the South; that the republic found its defenders in this race among freemen as well as among slaves—that it took them from Ohio, from Pennsylvania, from New York, as well as from South Carolina, from Louisiana, and from Tennessee. What have these men gained by their deaths for those who survive? What feelings must theirs be as, looking down upon the onward march of the Republic, they see no place reserved therein for the ranks in which they fought and died? I remember reading a story just after Fort Wagner of one of these men, born in Ohio, free and the son of a free man, who, horribly torn and mangled, lay on his hospital bed just under shadow of the flag that had meant so little for good, so much for evil to him and his race; so lying he was approached by one who, realizing this fact, bent and said to him, "After all, was it worth it?" The dim eyes, grew luminous, the swarthy cheek flushed, the weak hand lifted itself passionately toward the flag, while the voice, clear and triumphant, cried out, "Oh, I thank God so much for the privilege!" and in a little while the privilege, death, ensued.

The privilege of dying, for what? This man went from Ohio. Ohio has just answered him!—the privilege of dying for a country that still ignores the manhood of his people—for a flag not yet broad enough to cover his race. As an American, as a Northern woman, I protest against this infamy. I cannot, *cannot* endure this disgrace. Let these dead men be able, rather, in a little while to thank God for the privilege of dying to destroy a wicked prejudice, of elevating the oppressed, of teaching justice to a nation, of making this country some dim reflex of that where the soldier has put aside his armor and the noise of war has ceased.

SPEECH OF REV. MR. MAY.

Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY was introduced as one of the earliest Abolitionists of America, and was received with applause. He said:

At this late hour, I shall say but a few words. None can regard the present state of our country with the emotions that an old Abolitionist does. None can be so grateful for what has been accomplished. None can be so anxious lest much of that which we have done should be lost from the want of a right conclusion to it. My mind is full of reminiscences; but it is too late for me to indulge in them. If I were to put all I have to say into one short sentence, it would be, that the whole experience of the past thirty-seven years in which I have been laboring in this cause, has convinced me, with increasing conviction, that the well-being of our country is to be measured to us exactly by our treatment of the colored man. I tremble for my country when I see any hesitation now about giving the colored man every right that humanity has a claim to. We have never demanded that you shall consider an ignorant negro as a wise man, or a poor negro as a rich man, or a bad negro as a good man. All we have ever demanded, and what we now demand with increased emphasis, is, that you shall grant to every man, of every shade of color, every opportunity to become as wise, as rich, as good, as he can be, and acknowledge him at all times to be just what he has become. (Applause.) I am ashamed of my color, when I think of the mean and detestable conduct of the white man towards the negro. We have chained him behind us, and then we have reproached him because he could not keep up with us in the race. We have stood upon his neck, and then we have reproached him because he did not stand by our side.

We have had evidences enough that, when the colored man has had a fair opportunity, he has shown himself to be every inch a man. What are the reports that are coming to us now from the South? Never was there a people on the face of this earth, that has shown such aspirations as that down-trodden race. Already five hundred thousand of those who two or three years ago were slaves, have learned to read. They are now supporting six hundred and sixty-eight schools; and there is nothing for which these poor colored men will so readily give their money as for the education of their children. If we will but give them the least opportunity—and I begin to believe, whether we give it to them or not—they will show us that, as a race, they possess faculties, powers, and sentiments, that entitle them to

stand side by side with the proudest variety of the human race. This may seem extravagant to you now: but I am willing to trust my reputation for foresight upon it, and you who are young, or live a quarter of a century, remember what to-night I have said. I believe with all the sincerity of my heart that, in less than half a century, the white people of this country will be obliged to confess that black men are not only their equals, but in some respects are decidedly their superiors.

I feel the intensest interest that we may go on and complete the work we have begun. While I have no doubt that the Convention soon to assemble will, in some form, give the colored man his suffrage, I confess that I have serious doubts whether the people will sustain it. But look at the history of our country. What is it that led to the terrible necessity of our civil war? It was a very slight, an almost imperceptible concession that we made to the demands of the Southern oligarchy in the Constitution of the United States—so slight that, in the Convention held for the ratification of the Constitution, many of our ablest men said that everything had been granted us that ought to be expected or required. Let us now see to it that our State and our National Consultation shall be so explicit that no man can henceforth say that unequal rights are to be given to any class, or race, or sex. For you know that I claim not only for colored men, but for women, equal rights; and I hope the country will not dare to deny them. What sort of trouble shall come upon this land, if we continue this outrage upon the better half of humanity, I know not; but that a tremendous evil will be the consequence of it, he that has learned anything from the experience of the past must expect. And I now forewarn you, one and all, see to it, friends, that henceforth, when we do anything, we do it wholly right.

The Society then adjorned, to meet to-morow morning or the transaction of business.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The Society held a business meeting at Dodworth Hall, on May 8th, and was called to order at 11 o'clock by the PRESIDENT.

The following resolutions offered yesterday were read and adopted seriatim, without debate:

1. Resolved, That we devoutly thank God that we meet at last in the midst of a nation thoroughly in earnest in its purpose to found its institutions on the corner-stone of absolute justice, and already far advanced in the accomplishment of its purpose.

2. Resolved, That we regard the oaths of Southern white men and the provisions of Southern State Constitutions as altogether too slight and uncertain a guarantee for the civil and political rights of the negro, and, in view of the past history of State legislation, we consider the negro as in imminent danger, if defended by nothing else, of cruel oppression and the practical denial of his most vital rights.

3. Resolved, That, in our judgment, the course of the XXXIXth and XLth Congresses betrays too clearly that our danger lies in the resumption by its members of the old corrupt practices, the bargain and trading of ordinary politics, to which the enthusiasm of the war years put, for a time, a stop; and in the recent inaction of Congress on important questions, we see evidence that the members were bartering duty and national security for party supremacy and personal aggrandizement.

4. Resolved, That, in our judgment, the legal guarantee of the negro's freedom and equality should be a provision in the Federal Constitution forbidding any State to debar him from civil and political rights, and his substantial security is his actual possession and use of all these rights under the protection of the police power of the Union, as well as the recognition by the North of the same rule of impartial freedom.

5. Resolved, That, in view of the fact that the rebellion was possible because of the ignorance of the poorer classes at the South — ignorant men used in their blindness by selfish leaders—and in view of the further fact that, once re-admitted to the Union, the vote of these ignorant masses is to decide great national questions and interests, it is the right and duty of the government to secure general education throughout the Union; and hence, whenever a State refuses or neglects to establish and maintain common schools, the Federal Constitution should authorize and order Congress to establish them within such State at its expense.

6. Resolved, That the Nation owes it to self-respect, to justice, to future security, and to the present safety of the colored race redeemed by so much blood and treasure, to impeach and remove the traitor of the White House at once; and every hour Congress puts off that action, insults the nation, disgraces its law, jeopards its future, delays justice, and makes more and more innocent blood cry to God against us.

7. Resolved, That we urge on all friends of freedom to keep vigilant and ceaseless watch on the Supreme Court and the present efforts of rebels to make use of it in order to block the wheels of government.

8. Resolved, That we warn our lately-freed fellow-citizens of the South that the offered friendship and political co-operation of Southern white men is a snare intended only to make them the tools of their own ruin, and we exhort them to trust to that same instinctive sagacity which guided them so wisely through the war—trusting no one blindly, but jealously guarding their own rights by the independent exercise of their power.

9. Resolved, That the next Presidential election will be the most momentous one ever made on this continent, and it behooves us all to see that we do not drift into incompetent or unfriendly hands through heedless hero-worship and blind party spirit, since we must put thorough loyalty, ripe statesmanship and decided purpose at the helm or we lose half the fruits of this terrible conflict.

The next resolution was then read, as follows:

10. Resolved, That, in our judgment, the people are true and sound, thoroughly in earnest and determined to leave no root or fibre of this intolerable system which has poisoned our national life for a century, and if this epoch closes without the full accomplishment of their purpose, it will be the fault of selfish leaders, willing to sacrifice principle and justice for their own advancement.

Mr. STEPHEN S. FOSTER objected to the resolution, because he thought it was untrue, being an overestimate of the Anti-Slavery feeling of the country.

Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY expressed the same view.

Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT was inclined to endorse the resolution.

Mrs. ABBY KELLY FOSTER thought the resolution untrue. She considered the politician the true index of the condition of the people.

Mr. PRINCE, of Connecticut, objected to this resolution, but suggested that it might be so amended as to say that "the people were never so true and sound," and that "it will be chiefly the fault" of its leaders if it fails.

Mr. FOSTER suggested that if the resolution were postponed for a year, it might then be true.

Mr. PHILLIPS remarked that, although the politician was the best index we could find of the condition of the people, still the politician is so anxious to be perfectly safe, that having got an idea of public opinion, he sails 20 per cent. behind it, so as not to risk anything. Again, we were now in a transition period; the people were in an unusually impressible state of mind and if the Congress dared to go 50 per cent. ahead of the people, they would follow. Mr. Lincoln never made a stride, when the people did not prove to be willing to follow.

Mr. PARKER PILLSBURY spoke of the ignorance of the people on these subjects. While travelling in behalf of the Equal Rights Association, he had found extreme ignorance in many localities. In one town, where he had enjoyed the hospitality of a man of standing and wealth, in order to introduce himself and his cause, he had asked his host if he had heard of Gerrit Smith. And the reply was, after some hesitation, "I think I do recollect something about him. Wasn't he at one time a kind of leader among the Mormons?" (Laughter.) He thought the danger was more from the ignorance and indifference of the people than from any positive hatred for the colored man, or hostility to the cause of progress. When Abolitionists themselves had declared that their work was done, the sun went backward vastly further than on the dial of Ahas.

Mr. MOORE of Michigan said that the American mind was too superficial. Its brains are tilled as farmers used to till their lands, never using the subsoil plow. Recognizing in mechanics that the man who invokes the aid of a principle must never traverse the law of its action, we expected to be able to do it in our politics.

REMARKS OF C. C. BURLEIGH.

Mr. CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, entering the hall, was called upon to make some remarks, and after examining the resolution he said:

I think that the amendment which is proposed to this resolution would on the whole be an improvement. I believe nothing is now deeper in the hearts of the American people than the necessity of the reconstruction of the Union upon the right basis. Let the people understand that there is a deliberate purpose to thwart their design to tear out the roots of slavery from the soil, and you would find them awake as our friends seem unable to believe. Still I agree that the people do not feel deeply enough the necessity of action and the importance of acting promptly and decisively. They do not believe the danger is real, or they would be aroused to action with the utmost energy. They think that the work is so nearly done, that the steps which have already been taken are so efficient, that on the whole we do not need to exert ourselves with much energy now. We shall never be safe, and can never safely relax our activity, until this question is so settled by the action of the government, that nothing shall be left to caprice or reaction. The right of every man before the law, in this country, must be made equal to the right of every other man, and secured by the guaranty of the nation. Behind any action of the States must be the provision in the United States Constitution that the attempt of any State to deprive any citizen of his equal rights before the law, shall be *ipso facto* a forfeiture of the right of that State to recognition as a State of this Union, and place it as a province under the control of the Federal government.

I want, too, as the President of the Society has suggested, that there should be forty acres under the foot of every freedman, that he may stand upon his own acres and say, "I am a man; I am one of the rightful occupants of a portion of the soil God gave to his children." Then he has something which he can make the fulcrum of the lever wherewith he is to heave up the foundations of every barrier in the way of his progress. But if you give the vote to a landless man, how long will it be before he will find it absolutely necessary to barter his vote for bread?—before he will be obliged to vote for his employer, or for the man whom his employer may designate? We know that this power of the employer over the employed has been used among men who have not been so long accustomed to servility and subserviency as the white people of the South; and how long will it be before these men of the South follow that example? The people, therefore, must demand, not only that the freedmen shall have a vote, but that they shall have a piece of land upon which they can stand and earn a subsistence and the means to educate themselves and their children.

When we have secured that; when we have not only introduced it into the Constitution of the United States, but made it absolutely impossible for any State to attempt to thwart our purposes in this direction without by that very attempt cutting itself off from all its privileges as a State and remanding itself back to a territorial condition, then we can disband our Society and hang up our battered arms for monuments, and can recline for a time upon the couch of ease and contemplate the fruits of our victory, ere we gather up our strength and gird our loins for conflict in some other field; thus rejoicing in one victory by the achievement of another.

Are the people up to that mark? That is the question we are to ask before we pass that resolution. Are they ready to demand a Constitutional guaranty backed by the whole power of the Federal government, to secure land and a vote to the freedmen, and the means of general education throughout the whole country? I look not only to the men of the South who have so long been under the yoke of oppression, rivetted upon them by the help of the North, but I look also nearer home, and see that in the State of New York the black man has not his rights guaranteed to him. And so long as that is true of New York and other States of the North, it is evident that it is necessary that these measures of justice should not only secure the rights of the colored man in the conquered and rebellious districts, but over the whole land. We should make it just as impossible for New York or Connecticut to trample freedom under foot in those States as for South Carolina to do the same thing. Make it a constitutional measure, and nobody can complain. South Carolina cannot throw out the taunt to New England, You compel us to do that you will not do yourselves. Then the politician of Connecticut cannot be held up before the freed people of South Carolina as a hypocrit, pretending love for the rights of the black man and granting those rights where it will subserve his own interests, but, showing no regard for them where his interests do not seem to demand a recognition of them.

As to the matter of the distribution of the land, I do not see the difficulty which some seem to find. "Confiscation" is getting to be a terrible word; but I do not see any reason, when these people have forfeited their title to their land by rebellion, why we should not embrace the opportunity thus presented to us, of doing that which it was eminently desirable should be done previously to that forfeiture. A wise statesman seeing these oligarchies of the South growing up, would have devoutly wished forty years ago, that he could take a carving-knife and slice up these immense farms into small fields, and thus place them in the possession of a yeomanry which should be a stable basis for republican institutions. Had that been done forty years ago, rebellion would have been impossible. Had there been a landed yeomanry, Jeff. Davis, and the other leaders of the rebellion, might have blown the blast of treason until their throats cracked, ere they answered to the call. Now we have the opportunity afforded us, through confiscation, of doing this very thing—dividing the lands, and placing them in the hands of the freedmen.

In an ancient record we are told that the prophet told a certain king that he must smite the Syrians; and as a symbol, he is to draw his bow and launch his arrows towards them. He shot three times and stopped. Then the prophet said to him, "Thou shouldst have shot many times; for now thou shalt overthrow the Syrians but three times." Do not stop at three shots in this warfare with slavery. Do not stop at the mere cleaving down of armed rebellion, at the mere acceptance of the Emancipation proclamation, and at the mere State concession of the right of suffrage for a time; but go on and shoot until the strength of the rebellion is completely prostrated, and ground to powder.

Dr. J. E. SNODGRASS said that the doctrine of primogeniture had been transplanted into the South, operating to keep the land in large farms. Land or negroes constituted the double badge of respectability. Another arrow that we must shoot, must be land limitation; not to disturb present existing ownerships in this respect, but to provide that hereafter, neither by purchase nor by inheritance, shall any individual come in possession of more than so much land, and that quantity a small one.

The amendment was adopted, and the resolution then adopted in the following form:

10. Resolved, That, in our judgment, the people were never so true and sound, so thoroughly in earnest and determined to leave no root or fibre of this intolerable system which has poisoned our national life for a century; and if this epoch closes without the full accomplishment of their purpose, it will be chiefly the fault of selfish leaders, willing to sacrifice principles and justice for their own advancement.

During the preceding debate, the President appointed a Nominating Committee, consisting of S. S. Foster, John T. Sargent, E. D. Hudson, Edward M. Davis, and Harriet Purvis. At its conclusion,

Mr. FOSTER, on behalf of the Committee, reported the following list of officers, who were thereupon re-elected:

President,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Vice-Presidents,

GERRIT SMITH, New York,
GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D., New York,
JAMES MOTT, Pennsylvania,
MARY GREW, Pennsylvania,
JOHN G. WHITTIER, Massachusetts,
BENJAMIN SNOW, Jr., Massachusetts,
PETER LIBBEY, Maine,
NATHANIEL WHITE, New Hampshire,
ELIZABETH B. CHACE, Rhode Island,
ABBY SMITH, Connecticut,
LUCY STONE, New Jersey,
THOMAS GARRETT, Delaware,
MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Ohio,
WILLIAM HOPKINS, Indiana,
THOMAS CHANDLER, Michigan,
CAROLINE L. MORGAN, Wisconsin,
ALONZO J. GROVER, Illinois,
Rev. CALEB GREEN, Minnesota,
L. N. HOLMES, Iowa,
DR. J. N. HAWES, South Carolina,
N. C. DENNETT, Florida.

Corresponding Secretary.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

Recording Secretary.

AARON M. POWELL,
HARRIET PURVIS (Assistant).

Treasurer.

RICHARD P. HALLOWELL.

Executive Committee.

WENDELL PHILLIPS,
SUSAN B. ANTHONY,
JOHN T. SARGENT,
RICHARD P. HALLOWELL,
SARAH J. NOWELL,
CAROLINE R. PUTNAM,
Rev. R. CANNOR,
ABBY K. FOSTER,
E. D. HUDSON,
E. M. DAVIS,
ROBERT PURVIS,
A. M. POWELL,
CHARLES L. REASON.

The following resolution was adopted:

11. Resolved, That, if Gov. Eyre goes unwhipped of justice, it will be another proof that the same pro-slavery spirit rules England to-day, which, a few years ago, covered the Confederate pirates with English protection, and only from lack of courage forbore to put its flag side by side with that of the rebellion; and we shall expect nothing better of that nation until its malignant aristocracy is crushed, as ours has been, in the strong grasp of a sovereign people.

The following resolution was read:

12. Resolved, That the hour—its imminent peril and its grand opportunity—summons all true men to the most devoted, earnest and untiring efforts to reap the harvest of this war, putting away every remnant of old abuse and oppression, to found our hereafter on justice and equality and the full recognition of human brotherhood.

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN said—We heard a good deal yesterday about the negroes being master of the situation. We have heard a good deal of complaint about the Republicans. It seems to me that if this Society is worth anything, and capable of doing anything, now is the time to do it. I do not think we can very well find fault with the Republicans, when we have sat back doing nothing. Even the colored people themselves have not been alive to their own interests. There was a time when this Society had its hundred conventions, and had its agents all over the field. We are leaving the field entirely to the pro-slavery people at the South. There is a work to be done there. The black man is left a prey to surrounding influences. If the negro is to be saved to-day, it seems to me he is not to be saved by anything this Society has thus far done, or thus far contemplates doing. We ought to have men and women in the South going through that country and enlightening the people, and not leave it to the Republicans and Democrats and old slaveholders there.

MARY GREW—If the remarks of the last speaker are true, I think we had better disband. It is the argument that for the last year has been thrown into our teeth by those who would have had us disband two years ago. It seems to me as I look back upon the past year, that this American Anti-Slavery Society has done a great work, that the nation eminently needed, and that it eminently needs to-day. Shall it be said that the Society that sustains THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, whose editorials and corespondence are quoted week after week in the great daily journals of the land, that they may thereby spread before their readers that to which their own consciences respond, but which they dare not utter with their own lips and pens—the paper whose columns are most eagerly read by our Senators and Representatives, whose voice Senators and Representatives entreat us not to silence—is such a Society doing nothing? Says Mr. Kelley, and men like him, "We see the Democrats reading it; we see the timid Republicans reading it; we see by their responses when we refer to it, that they have read it. We cannot do without it."

The Society is doing another work. It is sending abroad its truths through the length and breadth of the land, North and South, East and West, proclaiming the gospel of freedom with all the earnestness of former days. It is not an individual work merely; but every man who speaks as from our platform, has the added strength of all. Even you doubtless feel that you gain strength from speaking from the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society. It is of little consequence whether we send out agents, when we have so many voices ready to speak our truths. But our great work is to keep our organ going. Is there another newspaper that speaks as THE STANDARD speaks? Is there another earnest, uncompromising friend to the slave among all the journals of the land? Perhaps there is; but there is none so well known, none so common. The nation cannot afford to do without it.

Perhaps the gentleman who spoke last, in his statements that we were doing nothing, spoke with that tone of confession and humiliation with which in the church men confess themselves miserable sinners, saying that they have done nothing worthy of God's acceptance and can do nothing, a sort of unbelieving talk without much meaning. If so, I think it is a bad way of talking. It is not wise. It is not well. If we cannot do any better than the miserable sinners who go home after their humble confessions, and do not do a whit better than before, but say the same thing from years' end to years' end, pray let us disband this mockery of our Anti-Slavery Society. If our friend does not mean that, these expressions do us no good. They hurt us. They do not represent us respectably before the world. But if in his inmost heart he thinks it is true that we are doing nothing, if he will only take testimony from Congressmen and editors, Democratic and Republican, and from ministers who in their pulpits scarcely venture to say what they like to have THE STANDARD say for them, if he will take testimony high and low, North and South, East and West, I am sure he will acknowledge that we have been doing a great work for God and for humanity. (Applause).

Mr. BROWN said that while he had a high appreciation of the good this Society had accomplished, and would not have THE STANDARD discontinued under any circumstances whatever, while the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD was never more needed than now, he would not have the work of the Society stop there. He wanted other action to be taken to reach the colored men of the South who never see THE STANDARD.

Mr. PURVIS stated that a large proportion of the most efficient teachers in the South were persons who had been members of this Society.

Col. C. E. Moss, of Missouri, said that in travelling in the South he had found the power of this Society and its influence much greater than many men wished it was. He had more faith than some others in the result of reconstruction at the South. Not only were they determined that the reconstruction there should be upon the right basis, but they would be able to assist in reconstructing the North. It was remarkable that it was not the Radical secessionists like Wade Hampton, but the moderate men, half Union and half secession, who were now endeavoring to obstruct the reconstruction of the South. It was important to instruct the colored men of the South; and one of the best means of doing this would be to circulate THE STANDARD among them. It would exert greater influence upon the colored men, from the very fact that they are just beginning to learn to read; because what they first read in the exercise of this newly acquired power, will make a much stronger impression upon their minds, than what is read by those accustomed to reading. He had no fear of the Southern colored men, constituting a majority of the population, losing the right of suffrage, unless by military power. Yet he considered a Constitutional Amendment necessary to secure the rights of colored men in the North. In Maryland the convention of 1864 thought they could succeed without conferring the right of suffrage upon the colored race, and now the people of Maryland were suffering the just punishment for their mistake. The last Congress had not directly passed a confiscation bill; but in passing the Bankrupt bill they had passed a law the effect of which would be to break up the great estates of the South.

Mrs. ABBY K. FOSTER said that while she endorsed every word that Miss Grew had uttered, she would also respond to the feeling which Mr. Brown had intended to utter; that there is an immense work to be done.

Rev. Mr. RAY, also agreeing with Miss Grew, regarded it as important that the Society should send living instructors through the South.

The resolutions was agreed to.

The following resolution were agreed to.

13. Resolved, That a large measure of confiscation, and the division of confiscated lands among the negroes, is an act of justice to him and to the former rebel owner of the land, as well as security to his other rights and to the nation itself.

14. Resolved, That the death of George L. Stearns, one of the Executive Committee of this Society, takes from us one of the most efficient and devoted friends of the negro, one whose wealth, talent, influence, life, were unreservedly given to the cause of freedom and justice, the staunch friend, vigilant watchman, and tireless worker in any movement which promised to relieve oppression or secure the happiness of the race.

15. Resolved, That we hail with unfeigned delight the first step made by the Emperor of Brazil in the path of absolute and impartial freedom; and defective as is the plan now announced, we are sure the same sound and magnanimous purpose which dictates this step will soon fling all gradual and limited freedom aside, and let the law of Brazil rest on manhood as its basis.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER offered the following resolution, which was adopted without discussion, a rule being adopted in consequence of the lateness of the hour that speakers should be limited to five minutes each.

16. Resolved, That foremost among present impending dangers to our cause is the supineness, indifference, or active opposition of the great body of the American clergy; a body that shielded slavery while it lasted with all the sacred sanctions of religion and that seems now ready to see its former victims consigned to a serfdom scarcely less to be dreaded than the condition from which they have been so signally delivered.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER offered also the following resolution:

Resolved, That regarding the ballot as a natural right, inherent in our humanity, and independent alike of the incidents of color, sex, or previous condition of servitude, this Society will acquiesce in no theory or plan of national reconstruction which fails to secure to the humblest citizen of either sex, the full enjoyment of this essential safeguard of personal freedom.

The PRESIDENT ruled the resolution out of order upon the platform of this Society, which has nothing to do with the question whether sex is or is not a disqualification for political rights.

Mr. FOSTER appealed from the decision of the chair. The life of the Society depended upon their recognition of the principle of this resolution. The resolutions had crossed the Atlantic to make war upon the "malignant aristocracy" of England; and yet the aristocracy of sex was ruled out of order; the asking for the ballot for the negro, meaning the negro man, the partiality was introduced; and it was necessary to make the demand for man and woman alike to avoid that partiality. It was with him a matter of conscience. Introducing the question of suffrage the Society is bound to ask its extension to every human being. The question of sex had early come up in this Society, and the Society had recognized the right of women to speak upon its platform in behalf of the slave.

Mrs. A. K. FOSTER said that the Society had steadily refused to say that. Women had demanded the right to speak, and the Society had said that it had no right to refuse to allow them to speak.

Mr. FOSTER referred to the employment of women as agents of the Society.

Mrs. FOSTER responded that the Society had claimed the right to employ whom it pleased: the liberty to know no sex, but souls.

Mr. FOSTER said that woman now came forward and demanded to be allowed to use the ballot in behalf of the slave's liberty. Why should not the Society, having introduced the question of suffrage, say that woman may vote as well as speak or work in behalf of the slave? If the ballot is demanded for the negro, why not demand it for every negro, male and female alike?

On motion of Miss GREW, debate was limited to five minutes for each speaker.

Mr. C. C. BURLEIGH suggested that he should be compelled to vote against the resolution on another ground, that it declared the ballot to be a "natural right," which he did not believe to be true.

Rev. S. J. MAY suggested that if it was proper to speak against the enslavement of the female as well as of the male, it was equally proper to claim the enfranchisement of the female as well as of the male.

Mr. G. T. DOWNING asked to have the Constitution of the Society read, so far as it relates to this question.

The PRESIDENT read Articles 2d and 3d of the Constitution: and stated that the resolution was equivalent to amending the Constitution, which should only be done upon due notice. The Woman's Rights question, the Temperance question are not admitted here, simply because our platform is not broad enough to hold them, and it has ever been one of our rules that a great co-equal principle should not be introduced here in the light of a mere measure. It could not be supposed that this Society was hostile to the claims of woman, for THE STANDARD had gratuitously published column after column in behalf of the Equal Rights movement.

The decision of the chair was sustained and the resolution was therefore not received for consideration.

Miss ANNA DICKINSON offered the following resolution:

Resolved, As the Third Article of the Constitution of the American A. S. Society pledges it to continue till the people of color shall be accorded "an equality with the whites of civil privileges"—and as the Republican party through several of the State Legislatures is demanding civil equality and the ballot for the white woman, thus bringing the question within the sphere of politics, soon to be a great national matter, this Society, by its Constitution, cannot dissolve until it—the same right is accorded to the black woman.

The PRESIDENT suggested that the resolution seemed ill-timed and premature.

On motion of Miss GREW, the resolution was laid upon the table.

Mr. A. M. POWELL offered the following resolution which was adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society are cordially proffered to Mr. Sigismond Lasar, and Charles T. Gunn, for their generous services volunteered for us, adding so much to the interest of this anniversary.

Mrs. MOTT made some remarks upon the importance of circulating THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and upon the kindred reforms connected with and immediately to follow the abolition of slavery and the granting of the suffrage to the black man. She regarded the exclusion of the question of Equal Rights as rather hypercritical, and hoped that in another year it would be found to be in order. She would allude also to the Peace movement, for the abolition of war, if it were not out of order. She concluded by saying:

But I want before we adjourn, not that we should have the formal prayer that was thought desirable at the opening of the meeting, but that we should feel that occasions of this kind call for that offering in the heart, of prayer and of praise which is becoming to us, and which adds to our strength. The Society then adjourned.

The Finance Committee reported the following collections, donations and pledges:

Dr. Hudson, Jr.	$ 75
D. B. Morey	1 00
Robert Purvis	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. Spring	10 00
S. D. Moore	1 00
J. C. Ferguson	1 00
Joseph and Mary Post	20 00
J. E. Snodgrass	2 00
Henry C. and Martha Davis	7 00
E. M. Davis	3 00
Joseph Carpenter	3 00
L. Holmes	2 00
A. J. Grover	5 00
H. A. Shackett	1 00
Mrs. J. F. Whipple	2 00
T. J. Durant	60 00
G. T. Downing	1 00
Henry M. Crane	5 00
P. H. Jones	2 00
J. E. Nell	5 00
Frances Berg	1 00
Sallie Holley	25 00
Bourne and Hannah Spooner	100 00
C. Prince (last year pledge,)	20 00
Anna R. Powell	1 00
Aaron M. Powell	1 00
Total cash collections	388 86
	$679 61

PLEDGES.

Anna E. Dickinson	100 00
Dr. E. D. Hudson	10 00
Martha Hudson	10 00
W. C. Morton	25 00
Mary Grew	10 00
C. F. Wallace	10 00
John T. Sargent	10 00
Samuel J. May	20 00
C. Prince	5 00
Wendell Phillips	100 00
J. and L. Mott.	50 00

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1867.

Wendell Phillips's

SPEECHES AND LECTURES, a handsomely-bound volume, 562 pages, with steel portrait, will be sent, post-paid, to any person renewing a subscription for the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and sending the name of one new subscriber ($6), or for two new subscribers, $3 a year.

A $100 U. S. Bond

(5-20, with 6 per cent. interest-bearing coupons attached, payable in gold), will be paid to the person who sends, by or before July 1st, the largest number of paid-in subscriptions for the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD for 1867; also 75 cents commission for each yearly subscription, in addition to the Bond.

WENDELL PHILLIPS is Special Editorial Contributor.

Address AARON M. POWELL,
Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard,
39 Nassau street, New York.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held in Boston, at the Meionian, on Wednesday, May 29th, at 10 o'clock, a. m. The speakers engaged are Messrs. WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES L. REMOND, AARON M. POWELL, PARKER PILLSBURY, WM. WELLS BROWN, Rev. Mr. CONNOR, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, Rev. EDWARD C. TOWNE, ROBERT MORRIS, Esq., and others, to be hereafter announced.

The friends of this Convention and of Human Rights feel that there are greater motives than ever to increased effort and earnest pleading on account of the complicated condition of our national affairs and the still holding in suspense of the Rights of the colored race.

By order of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. JOHN T. SARGENT, Pres.
CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, Rec. Sec.

TREASON MADE EASY AND RESPECTABLE.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS is released; Horace Greeley gives bail for his reappearance when called for. Mr. Davis has started on his travels—to return, no doubt, whenever the farce of a trial may still further disgrace the nation.

Unless we are grossly mistaken, there is a deep-seated, unappeasable indignation in the hearts of the people at this act. The protest may not be loud-mouthed; but all loyal hearts swell in secret with bitter hate which bides its time.

What more could the government have done to encourage another treasonable outbreak? What more to bring law itself into disgrace—to bring, indeed, republican government into disgrace? For, if this be all Republics can do to punish treason, on how insecure a tenure we hold peace! If such be the easy path of traitors, why should not any disappointed and baffled party-chief thus achieve world-wide notoriety? Surely, as they say in England, "High treason is one of the cheapest amusements one can now indulge in."

But there is another side to the medal. Maimed and wounded men will not thus patiently drag out bitter years; childless fathers, or, harder still, those whose sons survived Libby Prison and Andersonville in a state more pitiable than mere death, will leave bloody instructions for those who come after them. If law is thus a sham, the recourse will be to the Mexican method, and let rival chiefs shoot each other after a drum-head court-martial. If this be all the law can do to punish treason, the next Jefferson Davis who attempts to escape will be ruthlessly shot, before he has time to lift his disguise or attain the safe shelter of a prostituted court. Mr. Greeley thinks the lesson the people will learn from this disgraceful exhibition, will be one of forgiveness. The fawning spaniel is no emblem or teacher of forgiveness. The survivors in the army of the Potomac—the men who remember McCook, Memphis, Fort Pillow and the murders of Belle Isle—will read this act in a different and redder light. They will resolve to settle their own wrongs the next time, and prevent being cheated by law. When, during the war, soldiers found that guerillas and other rebels, their hands dripping blood, had only to take the oath and get immediate liberty, they did not learn the Greeley-lesson to forgive murderers; they simply *brought in no prisoners.* No arrests were reported at headquarters; only rumors reached it of men shot in the attempt to bring them in. We think our baffled boys in blue will lay up some such lesson from this occurrence, in case they have another call to arm.

To beat down law does not always mean that you set up Christianity; it sometimes makes room for anarchy. Toward that gulf Mr. Greeley calls the nation to take the first step, and himself leads the way.

There is such a thing as right and wrong. Honest men and knaves are not identical. The government from knavishness, and Mr. Greeley from unthinking folly—the dupe of catch-words—are confusing the moral sense of this nation. Tis a bad seed-sowing. Heaven grant we may not have a fearful harvest. The nation which pardons criminals because it has not virtue enough to punish them, is on the highway to ruin; but the nation that opens its prison-doors on the pretence that there is little difference between traitors and honest men, has accomplished more than half that journey.

The *manner* of this sad deed is as significant as the deed itself. Grant, if you will, that such is our form of government, such the difficulties of our position that we cannot punish Davis, but must release him, still, he is a traitor—the wretch who sought to crush the most beneficent government in the world—deliberately did what he could to kill freedom and perpetuate slavery; still, he is the chief cause why thousands are childless and hundreds of thousands are orphans. He is the man who turned a happy land into a field of blood, and made the name of American hideous with the murders of Andersonville. This murderer of thousands stands covered with blood. Who, then, is this that rushes forward to snatch that bloody hand and offer congratulations? What decent man dares to stand up clasping hands, in the face of the world, with the bloodiest, most heartless and selfish villain of the century? On what absurd pretext does the leader of the dominant and loyal party justify this fraternizing with crime? If Booth's trial had been long delayed, and at last he had been brought face to face with a jury, would Mr. Greeley have been found grasping his murderous hand and offering congratulations?

All the reasons brought forward to excuse this national infamy are hollow shams. Those who offer them do not, in their hearts, believe Davis criminal. This is the saddest feature of the hour—a nation whose moral sense slavery has so poisoned that it no longer discriminates between right and wrong. We have, so far as mere law goes, abolished slavery; but generations must pass away before we get rid of its poison. Half a million murders committed in its behalf, only make the murderer worthy of an ovation! Of Mr. Greeley's part in this melancholy farce, we want words to express our opinion. Sorrow masters indignation. He has done many things to try the patience of his friends; but we think nothing has ever proved so conclusively his entire lack of judgment and common sense, his utter inability to comprehend the epoch, the struggle through which the nation has passed or the state in which it stands. Generally obtuse in his moral sense, we confess we are obliged to believe him more lacking in the power to discriminate between right and wrong than we had fancied, in order to preserve our faith in his honesty of intention. If his friends can make out his claim to average intelligence in political matters, then is he responsible for an amount of guilt in this effort—vain, we trust, to mislead and confuse the nation—which all his well-meant efforts in times past can hardly outweigh.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE FORTHCOMING CONVENTION.

IN little more than a week, the Convention for a revision of the Constitution of this State is to assemble at Albany. It will be within the jurisdiction of the Convention to revise the present, or to give essentially a new Constitution. To those interested in the principles which underlie just government, rather than in the technical ways and means of administration, this occasion will be one of far greater interest than the annual assembling of the Legislative body. What the Convention does may and should be submitted to the whole people to ratify or reject. It should be a gathering in the people's interest. There are two things which we specially desire of the Convention. We wish it to abolish all distinctions in the Constitution founded on color or race. Justice demands this in behalf of the resident colored people of the State. They are fully entitled in every respect to equal rights with their white fellow citizens. During the war they generously proffered their services, and though at first they were repulsed and insulted because of their complexion, afterward, in a period of great need, they went forth with noble alacrity and upon the battle-field won golden opinions even from their bitter enemies in their valiant service in the national cause. These colored men to-day, if without the requisite amount of property, occupy under our present Constitution a lower status than those of South Carolina under the Congressional Military rule. Apart from the personal welfare of the proscribed colored men, the whites, who are a majority, owe it to themselves to forthwith abolish this cruel proscription and unpardonable injustice. We trust there is to be no failure in consummating this most desirable result.

We earnestly hope that the Convention will erase from the Constitution the word "male," which now limits the political franchise and recognized political power to one-half, or less than one-half of the people of the State. There are indications that at least one, and perhaps several of the Western States will soon take this very desirable advance step, and present to the world a type of really Democratic government. We should be glad to see New York take the initiative, and, as the most important member in the family of States commercially, also lead the way in establishing equal suffrage within her own borders and throughout the nation on the simple basis of humanity.

We again urge the importance of making known by petitions, addresses, deputations and in every possible way the demand for the important fundamental changes we have specified as a part of the work to be achieved by the Convention. Let not the present opportunity be wasted or misimproved.

WE invite the attention of our New England readers to the notice which appears elsewhere of the Thirty-seventh Annual New England Anti-Slavery Convention, to be held in Boston on Wednesday next, the 29th inst. Among those who may be expected to address the Convention are WENDELL PHILLIPS, PARKER PILLSBURY, Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, Rev. Mr. CONNOR, CHARLES L. REMOND, Rev. EDWARD C. TOWNE, WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, ROBERT MORRIS, Esq., and others. We hope there will be in attendance a full representation of the earnest friends of impartial freedom from all parts of New England.

WE intended to present this week, as a part of the historical record of the times, some of the details attending the release of Davis, and of the weak and blundering, if not criminal part in the disgraceful affair enacted by Mr. Greeley, together with sundry comments of the press indicating the general condemnation of Northern opinion. So much of our space is occupied by the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, that this matter is unavoidably crowded out; also several communications, notices of the recent Equal Rights and Radical Peace meetings held in this city, book notices, etc., for which we hope to have room next week.

JUDGE KELLEY, in attempting to deliver an address in Mobile, Ala., a week ago, was murderously assaulted by "Confederate" rioters, but fortunately did not lose his life. The firing was frequent and rapid, and several persons were killed and wounded. We are obliged, for want of space, to defer till next week some additional details of the outbreak. The Military Commandant has since assumed control of the police of the city.

THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE is reported to be engaged in looking into the operations connected with the release of Davis. It appears that the President was directly responsible for the course pursued, having insisted through the District-Attorney that the trial should not proceed, and that the prisoner should be admitted to bail.

A WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION has been organized in St. Louis. Some of the most prominent ladies have been elected officers, and active measures will be taken to shape public opinion so as to effect a revision of the Constitution in relation to the rights of women.

THE special Washington correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* telegraphed the other day:

"There is growing uneasiness among the friends of President Johnson at the slow but sure accumulation of testimony to implicate him in the assassination of Lincoln."

WE are obliged to print the addresses of Mr. Phillips, and others, at the Annual Meeting as reported, without revision by their authors.

The London women are to have a Hyde Park Impartial Suffrage meeting.

The Rev. Henry Bleeby, the distinguished Methodist preacher and author, is shortly expected in this country. Mr. Bleeby suffered many persecutions and indignities during the emancipation in the West Indies. He is now chairman of the Demerara and Barbadoes District.

PERSONAL.

Judge Bond, of Baltimore, is named as a Republican candidate for the next Governor of Maryland.

The President has appointed George Bancroft Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Berlin, *vice* Joseph A. Wright.

William E. Dodge of this city, has given thirty thousand dollars to Williams College, as a fund for the support of its president.

A Paris paper publishes a curious report that Rosa Bonheur has become insane, her madness consisting in fancying herself an animal—a goat being the creature into which the great artist believes herself transformed.

According to the *Piedmontese Gazette* Garibaldi has renounced altogether his intention of sitting in the Italian Parliament at present.

A journal of Pomerania anounces that Count Bismarck recently purchased for 2,062,500 francs the domain of Barzin, situated in the circle of Schlaw, and composed of five large estates.

Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered a lecture in Fraternity Hall on Sunday evening, entitled "The Rule of Life," in which he advocated liberalty in religion, as opposed to the narrow principles of Calvinism. He said that all over the world men were of the same religion.—meaning by religion, conviction. Their convictions are based on the simple elements of right and wrong, and very little, if at all; while their opinions may differ much. The moral of the lecture was tole ration and brotherly love.

The Chicago *Republican* says: "It now seems likely that Kansas will be the first State in the Union to establish impartial suffrage, irrespective of sex or color. Lucy Stone and H. B. Blackwell are making a vigorous canvass in favor of the proposed amendment, and several home speakers of much ability, as well as most of the leading journals of the State, are doing yeomen's work on the same side. From appearances seen at this distance, it is highly probable that a large majority will be cast, at the election next fall, in favor of striking from the Constitution, the words 'white' and 'male'"

The New York *World* presents the following as its classification of "Radicals":

"The *Tribune* objects to our calling Mr. Raymond and Mr. Weed Radicals in the same breath with Mr. Greeley. The classification is incorrect—it must be confessed—in the sense in which "Radical" is just now commonly used—to designate the front rank of Republicanism. But in making fine distinctions among Republicans we shall waste no time. Their differences are merely those of an army—(John Brown's)—marching on. Mr. Weed lags in the rear; Mr. Raymond is only six months behind Mr. Greeley, and Mr. Greeley is only six weeks behind Thad. Stevens, and Thad. Stevens is only six days behind Wendell Phillips, and Wendell Phillips is not more than six inches from the tail and the shining-pitchfork of the master of them all."

The Waltham *Free Press* says: "Greeley was quite a lion in Richmond, where he helped to swell the admiring crowd that hung around the great unhung. If there is a very big farce to be enacted, his services are to be depended upon; and a bigger one the government hasn't got up for a long time. If this is to be the conclusion of the matter, as it seems likely to be; if treason is not to be made odious, or even defined; if ex-rebels are to be left to infer that their only crime was want of success in their efforts to destroy the government,—why then the time and money spent in the capture of the arch-traitor were worse than wasted. We are not concerned about his punishment; but he should have the form of a trial, and then be banished from the country."

The Worcester (Mass.) *Spy* mentions a pleasant surprise presentation given to our friends Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Howland, of that city, recently on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of their marriage. It says: "The numerous friends and relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Howland, in their absence from the city last week, took possession of their residence at 23 Bowdoin street, and on their return, Friday evening, surprised them with the greetings and good wishes of the assembled crowd, and the display of a table richly spread with gifts of china and silver, which were tendered to them in a brief and suggestive address by Charles A. Howland, Esq., of Quincy, in honor of the twentieth anniversary of their marriage. The testimonials were received with a few well-timed remarks by Mr. Howland in behalf of himself and wife. Ample and appropriate refreshments were provided, and the pleasant occasion, which proved to be so complete a success, will long be remembered by all who were there."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, May 18th, 1867.

A BRAZILIAN newspaper of April 9th (quoted by the *Daily Advertiser*) expresses itself in regard to the abolition of slavery in Brazil, as follows:

"Instead of an immediate revolution, we favor a slow, gradual and easy transformation of ideas, habits and the mode of labor. It will have been, not a panic, but a peaceful revolution, the salutary reform regularly perfected, of a whole nation."

The details given by this paper of the actual plan of emancipation there, fuller than we have heretofore received, are the following:

"First—Slavery shall cease totally in the year 1900, that is, in thirty-three years hence.

"Second—The States shall indemnify those citizens who may still own slaves at that period.

"Third—From the date of the promulgation of this decree, all children born to slaves shall be free.

"Fourth—Those children who may be educated in the houses of their parents' masters, shall serve them till they reach their twentieth year, and will then be restored to freedom.

"Fifth—There will be established courts of emancipation in all the towns to enforce the law and see to its proper execution.

"Sixth—A fixed amount will be set aside for the emancipation of the slaves of the nation, and the same terms will be agreed upon to effect the liberation of the slaves owned by religious orders as may be made to purchase the freedom of those held by the government.

"Seventh—There will be appropriated a fund for the annual purchase of a certain number of slaves, so that but few may be in bondage when the hour of general emancipation is at hand."

The *Rio Diario*, from which the above is taken, regards this plan as a skillful and patriotic solution of the great problem, and feels assured that, by these means, emancipation will be effected in Brazil without creating either a disturbance or a financial crisis. It thinks this result will be still more sure if the government shall favor the idea of "spontaneous emigration," and make extensive provision for it.

The world is slow to learn; but governments are the slowest and dullest of all learners, being bent rather on giving a practical demonstration of the problem "How *not* to do it." The confident assumptions of the Brazilian editor about decisive advantages to be gained by protecting the process of removal of a great evil are only a new attempt to reckon without one's host, and to count the chickens before they are hatched. Suspense is the most painful and aggravating of processes. The process of transition is more vexatious and annoying, for the time, than the evil that gave rise to it. And yet here is a writer who expects the nation to be benefitted by extending this disturbing agency of transition over a period of thirty-three years. And his expectations show that he has failed to get wisdom from the concurrent testimony of the experience of Great Britain and the United States in regard to the comparative advantages of gradualism and immediatism.

The English experiment is eminently instructive upon this point. In Antigua and the neighboring little island of Barbuda, where the slaveholders in 1834 chose immediate emancipation instead of the apprenticeship system, there has never since been any trouble between the two races. Rev. Henry Bleby reported to us their good order and prosperity in 1858, and there has been, up to the present time, no one of the evils which alarmists have assumed to be inseparable from immediate emancipation. Jamaica chose the opposite course, and has had incessant trouble ever since. Her local government and her white population chose the apprenticeship of six years, kept it practically as much like slavery as they could, and when it came to an end, used every method in their power to keep the colored people in a condition of inferiority and degradation. In a word, they combined to prevent the negroes from possessing and enjoying most of the advantages of freedom, thus made enemies of them, and thus necessarily failed to get from them the amount and quality of labor needed to make their commerce profitable.

In our own country, immediate emancipation, so far as it was tried, worked admirably well; and there is every reason to suppose that, had it been thoroughly and faithfully tried, our situation would have been vastly better than it now is. Even after President Lincoln's evil policy of giving six month's warning to the slaveholder's (in the hope of inducing them to buy the continued allowance of slavery by a return to the Union), the immediate effect of the Emancipation proclamation was excellent upon both races. The slaves behaved unexceptionably well, as the Abolitionists had always predicted; the planters were struck with awe, expecting on one hand that retaliation from the negroes which their past cruelties had provoked, and expecting, on the other, that the government which had abolished slavery on the plea of military necessity, would follow up that act in the manner most effective for its military purposes. On the day of emancipation the secessionists stood motionless, fearful, as if paralyzed in mind and body. Had the government then shown that friendly disposition towards the colored people which justice and good policy alike demanded, had it immediately proceeded to recognize them as citizens and enlist them as soldiers, had it proclaimed to the rebels that they would be held to account for outrages against this class as against any other class in the community—the secession movement would at once have received its death-blow, and the rebels would have humbly submitted to the will of the conqueror. It was the shameful and cruel course of our own government towards these people that emboldened the Confederacy to continue the struggle, and that has made it, to-day, a power able to contest with us the vital question of reconstruction.

I cannot hold opinion with those who consider this nation regenerate, penitent for its oppressions, and determined henceforth to deal justly with its poorer and weaker classes. But the labors of the Abolitionists for thirty-six years past have brought an important minority of the nation into this position; and the recognition of justice, of the rights everywhere belonging to man as man, and of the responsibility resting upon those who undertake to make or to execute laws, will probably enter more and more efficiently into the administration of government in this country, after it shall have been taken from the hands of those who now unworthily hold it. Thus we, in the United States, have found the Anti-Slavery debate a school of moral philosophy, teaching those duties which the pulpit ignored or shrank from. But the authorities of Brazil take up this question otherwise, treating it as an evil merely, not at all as a sin. For reasons of state, it has been decided gradually to discontinue slaveholding; but the *right* to hold slaves is not questioned; nay, the government continues the trade in human flesh, recognizing the slave as an appropriately purchasable commodity, even in the act of freeing him; and, since a special appropriation is made for the purchase of "the slaves owned by religious orders," it is plain that the clergy of Brazil were as indifferent as those of this country to the guilt and the shame of slavery.

Then, it appears that the Brazilian editor who publishes this programme understands so little of the true interest of his country as to wish to persuade this class of laborers to emigrate, instead of giving them encouragement to remain. This is the more surprising, as prejudice against color is unknown in that country.

Rumor declares another step gained in the temperance movement here; the keepers of the great hotels having yielded so far to the persuasions of the Chief Constable as to have closed their bars. Of course, all the obstruction possible will continue to be thrown in the way of the Prohibitory law, and the end is not yet; but present appearances are that the law now comes nearer being effectively executed than it has ever yet been.

NORTH.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, May 20, 1867.

RECENTLY an address was read by William Still, of this city, before a large public meeting held in Liberty Hall, which has since been issued in pamphlet form, bearing the following title: "A brief Narrative of the struggle for the Rights of the Colored People of Philadelphia in the City Railway Cars, and a Defence of William Still, relating to his Agency touching the Passage of the late Bill, etc." It embodies some interesting data concerning the late car question, and is valuable as a record of the prominent exertions made for removing the notorious proscription imposed upon colored people, which resulted, at last, in opening the car-doors to all, regardless of distinctions. People living at a distance, aware of the guilt that tarnished Philadelphia, and that every hour that she tolerated the shameful injustice was an hour of disgrace, may have thought that proper endeavors were not made to put an end to the iniquity. But such was not the case. Frequent, various, and oft-repeated efforts were made to accomplish the desired purpose, which so persistently defied them all.

The part that William Still performed in the work, as known to many of us, and indicated by this pamphlet, was of an important character. He devoted much time and attention thereto, and the energy he displayed merits praiseworthy notice. Others labored well and heartily in the good cause, and to them due credit is accorded. But William Still seems to be the victim of detraction. Those of his own complexion, actuated by a motive in no way commendable, have foolishly sought to magnify their own efforts by falsifying his position. But in this Address he seems to have fully disproved their charges, and refuted their misrepresentations. It was because of the course they have pursued that he was compelled to issue it in his defence, and the record he presents sufficiently attests the value of his services. It would be far better for them to imitate his good example in endeavoring to promote the welfare of their race, than to bring discredit upon themselves by thus attempting to impair his reputation. As he wisely remarks, it is no time for quarreling among themselves. The improper spirit thus indicated "stands greatly in the way of many enterprises which might be started successfully amongst them." Much remains yet to be done for the well-being of the race, and it is to be regretted and deplored that differences should arise among them anywhere, thus preventing that essential co-operation which is so much to be desired. It is important that they should all work together, aiming zealously to accomplish the greatest good in their own behalf. But ill-feeling and an unkind, jealous, or malicious spirit must necessarily postpone this object, and retard, in a measure, the progress of the work for their advancement.

The pamphlet closes with some excellent hints and wholesome advice, which it would be well for colored people everywhere to heed. I quote the following:

"I have long felt that I should be glad if I could help make the young men of Philadelphia see how, notwithstanding the prejudices of this place, they might begin and succeed in business. And how often I am led to remark that, considering the great amount of means we earn and expend, it is strange that we do not try and open avenues of business into which our young people could be trained. For instance, our necessary demands for groceries never cease. Why could not, therefore, a first-rate grocery be started here and there, and patronized by a sufficient number of colored families to insure success, until white patronage would soon make it unnecessary for colored people to go out of their way a single square to this store?

"Again, our wives and daughters all wear bonnets and hats, and many of them very costly ones, too. Why, then, is there not common sympathy and interest enough amongst ourselves to combine together to give our patronage to a capable milliner, with everything in order about the store, in which at least a half-dozen competent and intelligent young ladies might be in attendance, doing just the same as young white ladies do where our bonnets and hats are bought? Surely, such places of business would have great weight on the gross prejudices against us, and thousands of respectable white people would take delight in encouraging just such enterprises."

The Union League of this city offers eleven hundred dollars in prizes for essays "on the legal organization of the people to select candidates for office." For the one which, in the judgment of the Board, shall be first in the order of merit, five hundred dollars is to be awarded. Three hundred is to be given for the second best, two for the third, and one hundred dollars for the fourth. The reasons assigned by the League for this movement are, that "in a republican form of government it is of the highest importance that the delegates of the people, to whom the sovereign power is entrusted, should be selected so as to truly represent the body politic, and that there are grave defects existing under the present system of voluntary organization, which it is believed may be corrected by suitable provisions of law."

This appears to be a matter worthy of careful attention, and its great importance ought to enlist the service of the best talent in the land. The liberal course of the League is sufficient to induce in its behalf a full measure of thoughtful study, to be productive of good practical results.

W.

G. L. S.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

He has done the work of a true man,—
Crown him, honor him, love him.
Weep over him, tears of woman,
Stoop manliest brows above him!

O dusky mothers and daughters,
Vigils of mourning keep for him!
Up in the mountains, and down by the waters,
Lift up your voices and weep for him!

Take up the burden, O Cretan,
Mourn for thy free provider!
At thy feet by the war-storm beaten,
Drop thy tears of snow, O Ida!

For the warmest of hearts is frozen,
The freest of hands is still;
And the gap in our picked and chosen
The long years may not fill.

No duty could overtask him,
No need his will outrun;
Or ever our lips could ask him,
His hands the work had done.

He forgot his own soul for others,
Himself to his neighbor lending;
He found the Lord in his suffering brothers,
And not in the clouds descending.

So the bed was sweet to die on,
Whence he saw the doors wide swung
Against whose bolted iron
The strength of his life was flung.

And he saw ere his eye was darkened
The sheaves of the harvest-bringing,
And knew while his ear yet hearkened
The voice of the reapers singing.

Ah well!—The world is discreet;
There are plenty to pause and wait;
But here was a man who set his feet
Sometimes in advance of fate,—

Plucked off the old bark when the inner
Was slow to renew it,
And put to the Lord's work the sinner
When saints failed to do it.

Never rode to the wrong's redressing
A worthier paladin.
Shall he not hear the blessing,
"Good and faithful, enter in."

—*Atlantic Monthly for June.*

LITERARY.

It is announced by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields that they have completed an arrangement with Mr. Charles Dickens, which gives them his sanction as the only authorized publishers of his works in America. They are about to issue two new editions, one called "The Charles Dickens Edition," intended to combine "legibility, durability, beauty, and cheapness," and the other, "The Illustrated Library Edition," which is the favorite edition of the author himself.

The *Round Table* has commenced a series of articles upon journalism.

Mayne Reid has begun the issue of a daily London newspaper of a small size, called the *Little Times*.

The anonymous author of "Ecce Homo" is said to have contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine* a series of papers on "Elementary Principles in Art," which his American publishers, Messrs. Roberts Brothers, are about to issue in a volume. The same house also announces a translation of "The Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame Swetchine;" a reprint from the second London edition of Hamerton's "Painter's Life in the Highlands;" and a translation by the Rev. Charles T. Brooks, of Schefer's "Layman's Breviary."

The *Atlantic Monthly*, for June, has, besides the continuation of Dr. Holmes's story, papers on the City of St. Louis, by James Parton; The Red Schol-House, by Lucy Larcom; A Venetian Experience, by Miss E. H. Appleton; Negro Spirituals, by T. W. Higginson; Poor Richard, by Henry James, Jr.; Golden Chains, by Mrs. Jane G. Austin; Shakspeare; The Man and the Dramatist, by E. P. Whipple; the Founders of Montreal, by Francis Parkman; Russian America, by J. H. A. Bone, and Among the Comedians, by L. Clarke Davis.

The *Phrenological Journal*, a Double Number for June, contains Portraits, Characters, and biographies of Renan, Miss Muhlbach, Mme. Pfeiffer; Theory of Man's Organization; Shakspeare's Supernatural Characters—the Witches; How to talk to Ladies; The Gospel among Animals; Health at Home; Our Next President; The American Navy To-Day; Pope's Essay on Man, etc. Newsmen have it; 20 cts. Address S. R. Wells, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Matthew Arnold is contributing a series of papers to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, under the title of "Von Thunder-Ten-Tromph on Compulsory Education." They are like all that he writes, unsparing of the follies of his countrymen.

The third and fourth volumes of a collected edition of the dramatic works of George Sand have just appeared. They contain, among other things, a translation, or rather adaptation, of Shakspeare's "As You Like It."

Mr. Henry Morely has just published the first volume of the second part of his valuable work, "English Writers from Chaucer to Dunbar."

Mr. Martin Farquahar Tupper is about to publish a third series of his "Proverbial Philosophy."

RECEIVED.

ON THE BORDER, by Edmund Kirke, 333 pages. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

STEPHEN DANE, by Amanda M. Douglass, author of "In Trust," 253 pages. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A WOMAN'S SECRET, by Mrs. Caroline Fairfield, 440 pages. Chicago: Central Publishing House.

BEET ROOT SUGAR and Cultivation of the Beet, by E. B. Grant, 158 pages. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The Westminster Review for April, American reprint. New York: The Leonard Scott Publishing Co.

American Educational Monthly for June. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Phrenological Journal for June, edited by S. R. Wells. New York: Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway.

The American Freedman for May. New York: The American Freedman's Union Commission.

Our Young Folks for June. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

THIRD SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT on Schools for Freedmen, by J. W. Alvord, Gen. Supt. of Schools, Bureau Refugees, Freedmen and abandoned Lands. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell & Gay.

The Herald of Health for June. New York: Miller, Wood & Co.

The Atlantic Monthly for June. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

ART ITEMS.

The annual commencement of Cooper Union will be held at the large hall of the Institute on Friday evening, May 31. The reception of the Female Art Department will be held on Wednesday evening, the 29th inst.

The attractiveness of the spacious jewelry store of Messrs. Ball, Black & Co. is at present much enhanced by the addition of some specimens of statuary, just received from Rome, which excite the admiration of all who see them. The most noticeable of these works of art, are some of the latest and best efforts of Rossetti, Rosanelli and Voss. One by the former—representing the enfranchisement of a Caucasian slave girl—is especially beautiful in design and remarkable for the perfection of its execution. It stands on a splendid pedestal, on which are carved appropriate designs.

Among the other works which attract attention, are a veiled Cupid, delicately wrought, a miniature copy of the Apollo Belvidere, "Lurline," a Columbus, Miss Hosmer's bust of Cæsar, the bust which was the original design of Powers's "Columbia," and others of scarcely less importance. Such a collection of beautiful statuary is seldom exhibited here.

A large number of persons visited the Academy of Design on Saturday last, the second occasion upon which its doors were freely opened to the public. The attendance continues to be as large as hitherto on other paying days.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE concert season in this city will close by a grand Musical Festival, under the direction of Mr. L. F. Harrison, at Steinway Hall, commencing on June 3d, to continue one week. There will be nine performances, in which Madame Parepa-Rosa, Carl Rosa, Messrs. Castle and Campbell of the English Opera troupe, and other distinguished artists will appear. The subscription tickets for the entire Festival are five dollars. It will be a fitting close of the most successful and satisfactory concert season New York has ever known.

Mr. Harrison's Thirty-eighth Sunday evening concert was very numerously attended at Steinway Hall last Sunday evening. The selections were from Herold, Balfe, Sachse, Mendelssohn, Flotow, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Lindpainter, Donizetti, Blumenthal and Muller, rendered by Madame Kemp Bowlen, Mr. Gustavus F. Hall, G. W. Colby and Theodore Thomas's orchestra. Mr. J. N. Pattison, the celebrated pianist, will perform Chopin's famous "Krakowiak Grand Rondeau de Concert," with orchestral accompaniment, at the 39th Sunday Concert, May 26th.

Ira Aldridge, the colored actor, is in France, performing very successfully the character of Hamlet.

The Paris correspondent of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, published at Boston, writes, under date of April 12th: "The sensation which our American grand pianos are producing here is something positively amazing. Those manufactured upon the European plan of construction are vastly superior to any which are made here, while those gotten up upon the new American system—*Steinway's overstrung*—have excited the wonder and admiration of the jury, the piano-forte makers and of the general public. The three leading manufacturers, Erard, Pleyel and Herz, have expressed their delight and surprise at these new productions of American industry and skill, and Mr. Erard has requested permission to adopt the salient points of the new system. America has truly inaugurated a new era in piano-forte making.

"The Erard and Pleyel pianos are, without doubt, fine instruments, but there is lacking in them that volume and richness of tone which one finds in the American grands."

C. H. Ditson, son of "yours truly, Oliver Ditson," has opened a music store on Broadway, near Fourth street.

A new theatre is to be built for Edwin Booth, in New York. Land has been purchased at the corner of Sixth avenue and 23d street, and work upon the premises will soon be begun.

The "Octoroon" has had a successful season at Barnum's Museum for the past two weeks, with Mr. Locke as *Salem Scudder*. It will continue another week.

"Treasure Trove" is the title of a new comic drama just brought out at the Olympic. Life at Blackwell's Island, Saratoga, Wall st., and "up town" is illustrated in the several acts. It is likely to have a protracted and popular season.

Special Notices.

FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

THE Nineteenth Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress will be held at the usual place, near Waterloo, on Friday, the 31st day of May next, and will continue through the two following days.

CONFERENCE OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

THE Progressive Friends of Pennsylvania cordially invite the lovers of Truth and Humanity, without distinction of sect or name, to come to their Fifteenth Yearly Meeting, which will be held at Longwood, near Hamorton, Chester County, commencing on Fifth day (Thursday), the 6th of Sixth month (June), 1867, at 11 o'clock, a.m., and continuing three days.

Special Premium.

THE STANDARD FOR 1867.

$100 AND SIX PER CENT. INTEREST IN GOLD

WE have received from a gentleman well known as an earnest, influential friend of freedom, a One Hundred Dollar Five-Twenty Government Bond, with six per cent. interest-bearing coupons attached, payable in gold, which he desires us to offer as a special premium to whoever will send us the largest number of subscribers for the year 1867.

He says in his note: "I want you to offer in the next STANDARD, as a premium, to whoever will get the most subscribers to it for the year 1867, a $100 Government Bond, and the interest. I send it to you, so that the person who earns it shall be sure of getting it and the accrued gold interest. I do not want any conditions added, except that the money for the paper must be paid either when the subscription is sent in, or before the first of July. There may be many or few, but the more the better, and the one who gets the *most* shall have the premium, whether the number be *ten* or *one thousand!*"

We are not at liberty to give the name of the donor, but he adds: "You may say it comes from one who would not miss the STANDARD for all the other papers he knows."

The Bond is in our possession, and we shall pay it to the one from whom, on the first of July, we shall have received the largest number of new subscribers. Some one will be sure of receiving it. Competitors for the Bond are authorized to retain twenty-five per cent. (75 cents each subscription) commission.

Persons competing for the premium will mention the fact, in sending subscriptions, to be noted on our books.

Of course ten subscribers can be readily procured by almost any one, and a much larger number, without great difficulty. With the important accession of WENDELL PHILLIPS as a special editorial contributor, the services of other able contributors, and a regular correspondence from Washington, Boston and Philadelphia superior to that of any weekly journal in the country, the claims of THE STANDARD are such as our friend ascribes to it and encourages by his liberal donation.

We will also send, post-paid, a large, beautifully bound volume of 562 pages, of Speeches and Lectures by WENDELL PHILLIPS, to each person renewing a subscription and sending one new subscriber ($6 00) or two new subscribers.

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Respectfully,
A. HAMMOND, of Texas.

52 12

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But a faint idea, however, can at best be conveyed through the medium of a (necessarily) limited advertisement of this *Paragon of Family Machines*, and we therefore urge every person in quest of a Sewing Machine by all means to examine and test, if they possibly can do so, all the leading rival Machines before making a purchase. A selection can then be made understandingly.

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MAY DAY.

WHY chidest thou the tardy Spring?
The hardy bunting does not chide;
The blackbirds make the maples ring
With social cheer and jubilee;
The redwing flutes his *o-ka-lee*,
The robins know the melting snow;
The sparrow meek, prophetic-eyed,
Her nest beside the snow-drift weaves,
Secure the osier yet will hide
Her callow brood in mantling leaves;
And thou, by science all undone,
Why only must thy reason fail
To see the southing of the sun?

As we thaw frozen flesh with snow,
So Spring will not, foolish fond,
Mix polar night with tropic glow,
Nor cloy us with unshaded sun,
Nor wanton skip with bacchic dance,
But she has the temperance
Of the gods, whereof she is one,—
Masks her treasury of heat
Under east-winds crossed with sleet.
Plants and birds and humble creatures
Well accept her rule austere;
Titan-born, to hardy natures
Cold is genial and dear.
As Southern wrath to Northern right
Is but straw to anthracite;
As in the day of sacrifice,
When heroes piled the pyre,
The dismal Massachusetts ice
Burned more than other's fire,
So Spring guards with surface cold
The garnered heat of ages old;
Hers to sow the seed of bread,
That man and all the kinds be fed;
And, when the sunlight fills the hours,
Dissolves the crust, displays the flowers.

The world rolls round,—mistrust it not,—
Befalls again what once befell;
All things return, both sphere and mote,
And I shall hear my bluebird's note,
And dream the dream of Auburn dell.

The high religious influence of the return of Spring on hearts prepared for its tender ministries is set forth in the closing lines of the poem:

Soft on the south-wind sleeps the haze:
So on thy broad mystic van
Lie the opal-colored days,
And waft the miracle to man.
Soothsayer of the eldest gods,
Repairer of what harms betide,
Revealer of the inmost powers
Prometheus proffered, Jove denied;
Disclosing treasures more than true,
Or in what far to-morrow due;
Speaking by the tongues of flowers,
By the ten-tongued laurel speaking,
Singing by the oriole songs,
Heart of bird the man's heart seeking,
Whispering hints of treasure hid
Under Morn's unlifted lid,
Islands looming just beyond
The dim horizon's utmost bound;—
Who can, like thee, our rags upbraid,
Or taunt us with our hope decayed?
Or who like thee persuade,
Making the splendor of the air,
The morn and sparkling dew a snare?
Or who resent
Thy genius, wiles, and blandishment?

There is no orator prevails
To beckon or persuade
Like thee the youth or maid:
Thy birds, thy songs, thy brooks, thy gales,
Thy blooms, thy kinds,
Thy echoes in the wilderness,
Soothe pain, and age, and love's distress,
Fire fainting will, and build heroic minds.

For thou, O Spring! canst renovate
All that high God did first create.
Be still his arm and architect,
Rebuild the ruin, mend defect:
Chemist to vamp old worlds with new,
Coat sea and sky with heavenlier blue,
New-tint the plumage of the birds,
And slough decay from grazing herds,
Sweep ruins from the scarped mountain
Cleanse the torrent at the fountain,
Purge alpine air by towns defiled,
Bring to fair mother fairer child,
Not less renew the heart and brain,
Scatter the sloth, wash out the stain,
Make the aged eye sun clear,
To parting soul bring grandeur near.
Under gentle types, my Spring
Masks the might of Nature's king.
An energy that searches thorough
From Chaos to the dawning morrow;
Into all our human plight,
The soul's pilgrimage and flight;
In city or in solitude,
Step by step, lifts bad to good,
Without halting, without rest,
Lifting Better up to Best;
Planting seeds of knowledge pure,
Through earth to ripen, through heaven endure.

—*Emerson's "May Day."*

CURING A COLD.

MR. MARK TWAIN gives his experience in curing his cold in so quaint and unique a style, that we copy it in full for the benefit of our readers.

It is a good thing, perhaps, to write for the amusement of the public, but it is a far higher and nobler thing to write for their instruction, their profit, their actual and tangible benefit. The latter is the sole object of this article. If it prove the means of restoring to health one solitary sufferer among my race, of lighting up once more the fire of hope and joy in his faded eyes, of bringing back to his dead heart again the quick, generous impulses of other days, I shall be amply rewarded for my labor; my soul will be permeated with the sacred delight a Christian feels when he has done a good, unselfish deed.

Having led a pure and blameless life, I am justified in believing that no man who knows me will reject the suggestions I am about to make, out of fear that I am trying to deceive him. Let the public do itself the honor to read my experience in doctoring a cold, as herein set forth, and then follow in my footsteps.

When the White House was burned in Virginia, I lost my home, my happiness, my constitution and my trunk. The loss of the two first named articles was a matter of no great consequence, since a home without a mother or a sister, or a distant young female relative in it to remind you, by putting your soiled linen out of sight, and taking your boots down off the mantel-piece, that there are those who think about you and care for you, is easily obtained. And I cared nothing for the loss of my happiness, because, not being a poet, it could not be possible that melancholy would abide with me long.

But to lose a good constitution and a better trunk were serious misfortunes.

On the day of the fire my constitution succumbed to a severe cold caused by undue exertion in getting ready to do something. I suffered to no purpose, too, because the plan I was figuring at for the extinguishing of the fire was so elaborate, that I never got it completed until the middle of the following week.

The first time I began to sneeze a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water and go to bed. I did so. Shortly afterward, another friend advised me to get up and take a cold shower bath. I did that also. Within the hour another friend assured me that it was policy to "feed a cold and starve a fever." I had both. So I thought it best to fill myself up for the cold, and then keep dark and let the fever starve awhile.

In a case of this kind, I seldom do things by halves; I ate pretty heartily; I conferred my custom upon a stranger who had just opened his restaurant that morning; he waited near me in respectful silence untill I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired if the people about Virginia were much afflicted with colds? I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign. I started down towards the office, and on the way encountered another bosom friend, who told me that a quart of salt water, taken warm, would come as near curing a cold as anything in the world, I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it anyhow. The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my immortal soul.

Now, as I am giving my experience only for the benefit of those who are troubled with the distemper I am writing about, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against followin, such portions of it as proved inefficient with me, and acting upon this conviction, I warn them against warm salt water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it is too severe. If I had another cold in the head, and there were no course left me but to take either an earthquake or a quart of warm salt water, I would take my chances on the earthquake.

After the storm which had been raging in my stomach had subsided, and no more good Samaritans happening along, I went on borrowing handkerchiefs again and blowing them to atoms, as had been my custom in the early stages of my cold, until I came across a lady who had just arrived from over the plains, and who said she had lived in a part of the country where doctors were scarce, and had from necessity acquired considerable skill in the treatment of simple "family complaints." I knew she must have had much experience, for she appeared to be one hundred and fifty years old.

She mixed a decoction composed of molasses, aqua fortis, turpentine and various other drugs, and instructed me to take a wine-glass full of it every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose; that was enough; it robbed me of all moral principle, and awoke every unworthy impulse of my nature. Under its malign influence my brain conceived miracles of meanness, but my hands were too feeble to execute them; at that time, had it not been that my strength had surrendered to a succession of assaults from infallible remedies for my cold, I am satisfied that I would have tried to rob the graveyard.

Like most other people I often feel mean, and act accordingly; but until I took that medicine, I had never revelled in such supernatural depravity and felt proud of it. At the end of two days I was ready to go to doctoring again. I took a few more unfailing remedies, and finally drove my cold from my head to my lungs.

I got to coughing incessantly, and my voice fell below zero; I conversed in a thundering bass, two octaves below my natural tone; I could only compass my regular nightly repose by coughing myself down to a state of utter exhaustion, and then the moment I began to talk in my sleep, my discordant voice woke me up again.

My case grew more and more serious every day. Plain gin was recommended; I took it. Then gin and molasses; I took that also. Then gin and onions; I added the onions, and took all three. I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a buzzard's.

I found I had to travel for my health. I went to Lake Bigler with my reportorial comrade Wilson. It is gratifying to me to reflect that we travelled in considerable style; we went in the Pioneer coach, and my friend took all his baggage with him, consisting of two excellent silk handkerchiefs and a daguerreotype of his grandmother. We sailed and hunted and fished and danced all day, and I doctored my cough all night. By managing in this way, I made out to improve every hour in the twenty-four. But my disease continued to grow worse.

A sheet-bath was recommended. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to commence then; therefore I determined to take a sheet-bath, notwithstanding I had no idea what sort of an arrangement it was.

It was administered at midnight, and the weather was very frosty. My breast and back were bared, and a sheet (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it) soaked in ice-water was wound round me until I resembled a swab for a Columbiad.

It is a cruel expedient. When the chilly rag touches one's warm flesh, it makes him start with sudden violence and gasp for breath just as men do in the death agony. It froze the marrow in my bones and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come.

Young Wilson said the circumstance reminded him of an anecdote about a negro who was being baptized, and who slipped from the parson's grasp, and came near being drowned. He floundered around, though, and finally rose up out of the water considerably strangled and furiously angry, and started ashore at once, spouting water like a whale, and remarking, with great asperity, that "One o' these days some gen'lman's nigger gwyne to git killed wid jes' such dam foolishness as dis!"

Never take a sheet-bath—never. Next to meeting a lady acquaintance, who, for reasons best known to herself don't see you when she looks at you, and don't know you when she does see you, it is the most uncomfortable thing in the world.

But, as I was saying, when the sheet-bath failed to cure my cough, a lady friend recommended the application of a mustard plaster to my breast. I believe that would have cured me effectually, if it had not been for young Wilson. When I went to bed, I put my mustard plaster—which was a very gorgeous one, eighteen inches square—where I could reach it when I was ready for it. But young Wilson got hungry in the night and ate it up. I never saw anybody have such an appetite; I am confident that lunatic would have eaten me if I had been healthy.

After sojourning a week at Lake Bigler, I went to Steamboat Springs, and beside the steam-baths, I took a lot of the vilest medicines that were ever concocted. They would have cured me, but I had to go back to Virginia, where, notwithstanding the variety of new remedies I absorbed every day, I managed to aggravate my disease by carelessness and undue exposure.

I finally concluded to visit San Francisco, and the first day I got there a lady at the Lick House told me to drink a quart of whiskey every twenty-four hours, and a friend at the Occidental recommended precisely the same course. Each advised me to take a quart; that made half a gallon. I did it, and still live.

Now, with the kindest motives in the world, I offer for the considerat ion of consumptive patients the variegated course of treatment I have lately gone through. Let them try it; if it don't cure them, it can't more than kill them.

WESTMINSTER GREAT CLOCK.—It is impossible to overrate the advantage of a reliable knowledge of exact time in all great centres of industry; and yet although time passes daily through London to many parts of the country, from Greenwich, the people of London have (with one exception) few clocks on which they can implicitly rely. The exception—and a notable one—is the Great Clock in the New Palace at Westminster; for although so costly a production, it turns out, as respects performance, to be perhaps the finest clock of the kind in the world. Telegraphic communication with Greenwich exists for the purpose of enabling the clock to report automically its state every day to the Astronomer-royal: the Greenwich record, therefore, demonstrates the goodness of the machine. It is not allowed to deviate more than two seconds from true time, and we are told in one of the Astronomer-royal's Reports, that "the rate of the clock may be considered certain to much less than one second per week." When we consider what is the duration of a second of time, and that such a huge machine is able to perform for a week within that limit, we may well marvel at the result, proving as it does the advance made in horological art. The clock-frame, carrying the various trains of wheels, etc., is 15½ feet long, and 4 feet 7 inches wide; the pendulum, which makes one vibration in two seconds, weighs between six and seven hundred-weight; the dials, of which there are four, and which are illuminated at night, are each 22½ feet in diameter; and it is a day's work for a man to wind the clock up, both going and striking parts.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THOUGHTS.—I cannot but pity a man who recognizes nothing godlike in his own nature. I see the marks of God in the heavens and the earth, but how much more in a liberal intellect, in magnanimity, in unconquerable rectitude, in a philanthropy which forgives every wrong, and which never despairs of the cause of Christ and human virtues! I do, and I must, reverence human nature. Neither the sneers of a worldly scepticism, nor the groans of a gloomy theology, disturb my faith in its godlike powers and tendencies. I know how it is despised, how it has been oppressed, how civil and religious establishments have for ages conspired to crush it. I know its history, I shut my eyes on none of its weaknesses and crimes. I understand the proofs by which despotism demonstrates that man is a wild beast, in want of a master, and only safe in chains. But, injured, trampled on, and scorned as our nature is, I still turn to it with intense sympathy and strong hope. The signatures of its origin and its end are impressed too deeply to be ever wholly effaced. I bless it for its kind affections, for its strong and tender love. I honor it for its struggles against oppressions, for its growth and progress under the weight of so many chains and prejudices, for its achievements in science and art and still more for its examples of heroic and saintly virtue. These are marks of a divine origin, and the pledges of a celestial inheritance, and I thank God that my own lot is bound up with that of the human race.—*Channing.*

OUR ARTISTS AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Round Table* writes the following gossip concerning the American pictures at the Exposition:

The collection of American pictures is undoubtedly the finest and most complete series of works of the American school of painting ever brought together on this side of the Atlantic. The few works that have hitherto managed to find their way to Europe, must have prepared the lover of art for the rich treat he has now at his command. Landscape painting of the very highest kind appears at present to be the strong point of the school. Church, McEntee, Gifford, and many others, have among them founded a style of landscape painting, that is perfectly original in thought and treatment. The school seems to be characterized by great power, evident truthfulness, extreme carefulness, in the workings out of detail, and above all, by a brilliancy and distinctness that are perfectly marvellous. In figure subject apparently but little progress has been made, and as for the good old classical style that was done to death by poor old Haydon, our old friend for Ganidah, and many others that ought to have known better, it seems to have few or no representatives amongst modern American artists. "Genre" subjects seem but little cared about whilst as for portraits I fear it must be confessed that it is the one weak point of the school.

The collection includes about eighty works of all kinds, landscapes, of course, preponderating largely. It is hung at the end of the British gallery, while, unlike the French, is lighted in a very perfect manner. When I come to the French collection, I shall have much to say about the singular way in which the light is admitted. It is pleasant to see the McEntee, and Linnell Church, and David Cox, C. F. Dix, and Clarkson Stanfield, hanging on the same wall, almost side by side with each other, all of them true honest worshippers of nature in her loveliest forms.

One of the first pictures to attract attention is the "Apple of Discord," No. 21, A. P. Grey. The figures are well drawn, and the flesh tints of the Goddess of Beauty are delicate and true. No. 14 is a fine forest scene by A. B. Durand. In No. 60 I. McEntee gives us another forest scene full of the most gorgeous autumn tints, almost distracting one's attention from what is undoubtedly the gem of the collection—Church's "Rainy Season in the Tropics." "The Niagara," by the same artist, No. 8, is by many considered a finer work, but in my humble idea, the "Rainy Season in the Tropics" contain elements of grandeur not possessed by the Niagara. The coming elemental strife is nobly prophesied in every touch that the artist has laid upon the canvass, and as the observer examines every detail of the picture, he finds it hard to persuade himself that torrents of rain will not presently come forth from those seething mists, nor forked lightnings from the lurid clouds behind them. The mountains themselves are superbly painted, and one feels thankful that masses of brown paint are no longer supposed to be the pictorial equivalents of the eternal hills. Mr. Church is an artist of whose genius America may well be proud. In No. 56 we have another picture subject—"Cordelia and Lear"—of great merit, from the pencil of E. C. May, but as I have said before, the home of the American artist is on the mountain, in the forest, or by the side of the ocean, and not in the studio with the model lay-figure.

No. 18 is a gold and silver sunset from S. R. Gifford. The quiet repose of the whole scene is charmingly rendered. The mounted hunter in the distance is admirable in his way, and has a look of heavy repose almost as if he slept. The perfect harmony of color and form displayed throughout the picture renders it one of the most delicious of sunset pieces.

"The Land of Old Kentucky," No. 73, by W. Whittridge, is a noble piece of forest painting. The wilderness of birches with light gently shining through them, and glittering with touches of silver, is painted with a master hand. Close underneath and almost eclipsing the poor little birch forest by its grandeur, is Church's "Niagara," surely the noblest representation of moving water ever painted. This great work is so well known that it would be only waste of time to describe or criticise it. No. 46, "The White Mountains," by E. Kensett, is another specimen of that peculiarly brilliant and distinct method of painting adopted with so much success by the American school. The exquisite delicacy with which everything is touched seems to destroy any approach to that crudity of tone and color so often seen in the second rate productions of the English school.

E. Johnson contributes several negro subjects, but they all seem singularly dull in color, although treated with great humor and evident knowledge of character. In No. 44, Mr. Kensett takes us out to Lake George to revel among mountains, wood and water.

W. H. Beard's "Bear Dance" is a clever piece of animal painting. How is it, by the way, that this branch of art is so meagerly represented on the present occasion? Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains" is a fine work, and is another good example of the American school. Mr. C. T. Dix has been badly treated; his "Sea Breaking Among the Rocks"—a noble piece of sea and rock painting—has been put so high that it requires an opera glass to make out any of its details.

Leutze's "Mary Queen of Scots at Mass" is perhaps the best piece of costume painting in the collection. There is perhaps a trifle too much likeness between the ladies, but taking it altogether, it is a fine piece of composition. Mr. G. H. Broughton's "Penitent" is a pretty piece of sentiment, but the color appears to be a little dull. Has Mr. G. H. Broughton been studying Edouard Frere? "The Coast of Newport," with its calm sea and rounded hills, by Kensett, shows that he is as little a stranger to the blue water as he is to forests and mountains.

Mr. McEntee again gorges us with a mass of his superb color in his "End of October." Above him, far out of sight, is placed one of Mr. Whistler's subjects, but it is really too far off for just criticism. I may mention here that this gentleman exhibits several other works and a large number of dry point etchings, but I am obliged to postpone any mention of them until the ladders and scaffolding which hide them and the pictures of several other artists are removed.

"The Foundry," No. 67, by J. F. Weir, is a thoroughly honest piece of art. The men are supposed to be in the act of casting a Parrott gun, and are engaged in pouring the metal into the mold. Mr. Weir has rendered every detail of the picture with surprising fidelity, throwing an artistic tone over the most commonplace accessories by the clever manner in which he has managed his light and shade. America must teem with such subjects as this, all of them capable of being painted with such strong artistic feeling as Mr. Weir has displayed, and which would surely be of more value when finished than all the Venuses and Cordelias in creation. In No. 65 Mr. W. F. Richards presents us with a beautifully cool bit of green June forest work, which is really refreshing to the eyes after all the glories of Autumn.

ADVENTURE WITH A SNAKE.—The *Avoca Mail*, an Australian paper, tells this story:

"A somewhat remarkable case of presence of mind in a female occurred near the township on Monday last. A young lady, desirous of a walk after the heat of the day, took a stroll, book in hand, along the Western bank of the Avoca. Being deeply interested in the book she was reading, she heeded not that her steps had left the beaten track, and that, instead of the winding pathway, she was wading through the long grass. Our heroine was proceeding at a very leisurely pace when she was startled by treading on something which gave abundant signs of life by a most extraordinary process of wriggling, coiling and uncoiling, all of which movements were performed simultaneously, and in so dexterous a manner as to be highly amusing to any person not an actor in the scene. Observing at the first glance that she had trodden on a snake's neck, about an inch or an inch and a half below its head, and that from the position in which it was then placed it could not turn its head sufficiently to bite her, she bravely made up her mind to detain the reptile a prisoner until assistance arrived, and with Spartan like courage carried out her resolution. In about twenty minutes time she was relieved from her arduous task, and the snake, which was nearly four feet in length, was speedily dispatched with the thick end of a fishing rod. The danger passed, the fair stroller expressed herself none the worse of her adventure, although she declined to pursue her walk any further that evening."

ORATORY.—Persons who think that the careful preparation of the language of a speech despoils it of its right to be considered really eloquent, either forget or have never known that the Grecian and Roman orators, who have ever been considered the greatest models of eloquence, always wrote out their speeches and committed them to memory. Demosthenes and Cicero both did so. Indeed, the most eloquent speech of the great Roman was written out ready, but was never delivered. In English senatorial history we have a still more remarkable example of the paradox of the most eloquent speaker preparing carefully the points and illustrations with which his famous speeches were, apparently on the impulse of the moment, adorned. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was sarcastically taunted with being "the right honorable gentleman who is indebted to his imagination for his facts, and to his memory for his wit;" which simply meant that the pungent sarcasm which he seemed to throw off spontaneously in the heat and excitement of debate, had been generally thought over and modelled before, and kept in his memory ready for use when any good opportunity presented itself. This may have been carrying preparation a little too far. But the examples of ancient orators of the greatest eminence all go to prove that the title of orator must not by any means be limited to those who depend for their language upon the impulse of the moment.—*The Quiver.*

THE GLOVE TRADE IN NEW YORK.—The glove trade in New York, those say who have examined figures and ought to know, is larger than in Paris or London. More than one-third of all the gloves made in Paris are, it is reported, shipped to America, and nearly one-half of the entire importations are sold in this city alone. Gloves are an item of expense with many of our fashionable people that the unfashionable world hardly suspect. Numerous men and women in the metropolis wear from two to six hundred pairs a year, costing from three hundred and fifty to twelve hundred dollars. They never put on a pair the second time, and sometimes soil and throw aside half a dozen pairs a day.

In Europe the wealthiest of the titled families are not so extravagant as our banking clerks and mercantile princes, and think they cannot affect the luxuries of living that our Democratic nobility think nothing of. Our prodigality surprises the foreign world, and no wonder; for we live every day as if it was our last, and practically adopt, especially in New York, the epicurean philosophy which rejects to-morrow if stained with a single cloud.—*New Yorh Gazette.*

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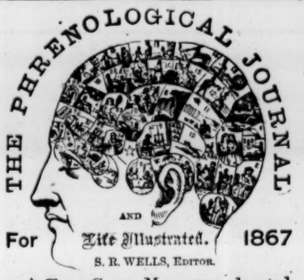

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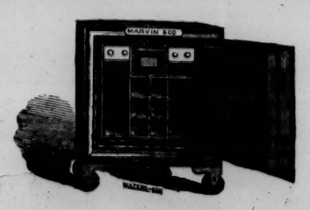

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